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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE debates on the Eight Hours Bill, with which Parliament has been almost entirely occupied during the past week, make melancholy reading. It is a sad thing that a generous-minded and level-headed miners' leader like Mr. Hartshorn, whose speeches on the coal crisis have won general praise, should come to the obviously sincere conclusion that—

"the greatest enemy of the working classes that this last generation has produced is the present British Prime Minister."

One has only to read the speech that Mr. Baldwin delivered in the House last Thursday, shortly after Mr. Hartshorn had thus denounced him, to realize how unjust the accusation is, so far as the spirit and aims of the Prime Minister are concerned. That speech

showed not only the goodwill which everyone not blinded by passion must concede to Mr. Baldwin, but also a certain imaginative sympathy, a capacity for rising above the battlefield, which has bidden fair from time to time to give him a unique place in the respect and affections of his countrymen. Yet it cannot be said with confidence that Mr. Hartshorn's estimate is a false one. In a period of tranquillity Mr. Baldwin might have been the ideal Conservative Prime Minister. Faced by the stubborn problem of the coal-mines, he lacks, it seems, the grasp or the will-power to keep the balance true between the disputants or to make his goodwill effective. The tragedy of the Eight Hours Bill is that it has embittered controversy and immensely increased the difficulty of Government action along other lines, all to no purpose—unless, indeed, it achieves the object which some of its promoters have in mind, the break-up of the Miners' Federation. By common consent, we shall know in about a fortnight whether it is successful in this. If it is, the position will be in many respects worse bedevilled than ever. If not, what is to be the next move?

* * *

Some clue to the answer to this question may be found in Mr. Baldwin's speech last Thursday, which we have already mentioned. He, at any rate, paid very little attention to the Coal Mines Bill, and no Government spokesman has attempted to reply to the arguments in the Commission's Report against an increase of hours. Mr. Baldwin roamed at large over the general position of the industry and the difficulty which he had experienced in getting the coalowners and the miners together, and suddenly concluded with the surprising remark which caused a flutter at the week-end:—

"If the Miners' Federation, even now, can accept the Report, with all that that Report implies, which is what we were struggling for in April and I believe which was urged upon them by many of their best friends, I believe that, even now, a settlement satisfactory to both sides can be arranged."

What did he mean by this? Was it a despairing effort to retrieve his position as an impartial arbitrator between coalowners and miners? Was it a new offer? Attempt after attempt was made, both inside the House and outside, to give it substance. Captain Wedgwood Benn appealed for a postponement of the Bill, while the new position was examined, but only elicited a long and involved explanation from Mr. Churchill which made it clear that the Government as a whole was not prepared to return to the Report. The Labour Party Executive, as Mr. Thomas told us in his speech on Sunday, sent Mr. MacDonald to see Mr. Baldwin. Mr. MacDonald came back and said, "The Prime Minister really didn't mean anything." If the Miners' leaders were clever tacticians (instead of the worst negotiators in the world) they might have driven a wedge between Mr.

Baldwin and his personal followers, on the one hand, and the coalowners and the bulk of the Cabinet, on the other, by accepting the implied offer. But the opportunity, like so many others, was allowed to go by, and may not recur.

* * *

The coal-owners' offers on the basis of an eight-hour day make a considerable parade of "no reductions" in the majority of the districts. Except in Warwickshire, however, these terms are to hold good for only three months; after that wages are to be determined by proceeds, safeguarded by the 1921 minimum. In effect, therefore, despite all this brave talk, the owners are still offering an eight-hours' day plus a 10 per cent. wage reduction, whereas the Commission indicated that an average 10 per cent. cut would suffice with hours unchanged. It would be a good thing if it were more generally understood that an honest return to the Report would not merely affect royalties and amalgamations, but would entail a marked diminution of the owners' demands. The Yorkshire owners have boldly gone against the Report in yet another respect by proposing a reversion to the 1921 division of proceeds between wages and profits in the ratio of 85 to 15 instead of maintaining the 87 to 13 ratio of the 1924 agreement. In the other districts no reference has been made to this ratio, so it is not yet clear whether Yorkshire has been more grasping or only more honest than the others. In any case, this proposal seems to have been too much for even the Government to stomach—perhaps it runs counter to a secret bargain with the owners—and the progress of the Eight Hours Bill through the House of Lords was delayed until Yorkshire came to heel.

* * *

The members of the Liberal Shadow Cabinet seem bent on demonstrating how vast is the gulf which separates them from Radical opinion, and how narrow that which divides them from Conservatives. Mr. Runciman tells the Cleckheaton Young Liberals that the great need of the day is "to reduce the Budget from 800 millions to 750 millions annually—roughly 6d. in the pound off the income-tax," and that social reform must wait until this has been done. This week, Lord Grey and Lord Buckmaster have both expressed a guarded approval of the Government's eight-hour day policy for the coal-miners, each accompanying this opinion with a further suggestion of his own. Lord Buckmaster's suggestion was that a subsidy should be given, strictly confined to the most unprofitable mines, the particular mines, "known to the Mines Department," that "did not pay" and "never could pay." Lord Grey was of opinion that the miners might accept eight hours if they were assured that the change was temporary only and not permanent, and he therefore adopted Sir Donald Maclean's suggestion that while eight hours should be worked now, the day should be shortened by fifteen minutes every year until the seven-hour day was restored, the idea, of course, being based on the assumption that trade will gradually improve.

* * *

Of all advocacies of an extra hour, this advocacy of it as a strictly temporary measure, while trade is exceptionally bad, is surely the most fantastic. For longer hours as a permanent policy, there is at least an arguable case; but the case entirely disappears if the change is to be temporary only. For the proposal amounts to this: "When the demand is poor, when less coal is wanted than usual, work longer hours and produce more coal than usual; when there is unemployment anyway, adopt methods which will intensify it. When, on the other hand, demand improves, when

more coal is wanted, reduce the hours and produce less; when the displaced labour has been somehow dealt with, emigrated or absorbed in other occupations, create a shortage of labour, and draw men back again to the mines." Was there ever a policy so calculated to aggravate ups and downs, to keep demand and supply in a perpetual state of maladjustment? Who, out of Bedlam, would suggest that the cotton trade should work overtime in a depression, and short time in a boom? Yet Lord Grey's proposal, taking into account the assumptions which underly it, is exactly analogous to that. Such, though Sir John Simon has spoken very differently, are the contributions of the "twelve" which the public catches. But it does Liberalism a grave disservice that these views should be accepted as in some sense the authentic expression of the Liberal mind.

* * *

The Government's case over the Boards of Guardians (Default) Bill is, in our view, unanswerable, and certainly none of its Labour critics made any answer which was valid or even relevant. It is quite true that, as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald pointed out, there is a real problem underlying the scandals of poor relief in West Ham, a problem which will in no way be solved by transferring the Guardians' function to the local authority under the general reorganization of the Poor Law contemplated in the near future by the Government. West Ham is an extreme case of a necessitous area. It differs from Sheffield, because Sheffield, though a depressed town, is yet more or less a *whole* town, with its share of well-to-do residents, whereas West Ham is essentially a working-class quarter of London. It differs from Poplar, because Poplar can draw on the Metropolitan Common Fund, whereas West Ham is technically outside London. In these circumstances, the task of combining adequate poor-law relief with financial solvency is a hopeless task; and this hopelessness is doubtless a contributory factor in the demoralization and irresponsibility of the West Ham Guardians. Furthermore, so far from helping to ease the problem, the Government, by its general policy of transferring the burden from the National Exchequer to the rates, is tending to aggravate it. But, when all this has been admitted, it is impossible to allow the West Ham Guardians to continue paying relief on whatever scale they choose out of funds supplied by the Treasury in the form of loans which are never likely to be repaid. To represent this singular arrangement as "local self-government" is a travesty of language; and the speeches of Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to this effect were a gross caricature of democratic doctrine. In sober truth, the whole development which we know as "Poplarism," whereby the Guardians regard themselves as essentially the nominees of the recipients of relief, who are mobilized into the dominant voting force, is a very ugly development, and it is high time that the nettle was grasped.

* * *

We deal elsewhere with the complicated situation which has arisen in Canadian politics as a result of the difficulty in applying constitutional precedents created under a two-party system to the working conditions of a three-party system. The controversy aroused by Lord Byng's refusal of a dissolution to Mr. Mackenzie King is not, however, confined to Canada. The South African Nationalist Press has, naturally, seized on it as another instance of the necessity for an explicit definition of Dominion status; the organs of the South African party generally approve Lord Byng's action. It is clear, however, that all discussions of Dominion status in South Africa are coloured on both sides by an uneasy

consciousness that the issue of secession has still to be fought out. Meanwhile, and rather appositely, the correspondence with the Australian States on the appointment of State Governors, has been published as a White Paper, and it is interesting to note—although the cases are not quite parallel—that, in opposing the proposal to confine such appointments to Australian citizens, the Victorian Attorney-General lays special stress on the advantage of the Governors' admitted right to refuse a dissolution. On the particular question at issue, the White Paper certainly justifies Mr. Amery's conclusion that Australian opinion was far too evenly divided to justify him in recommending so important a constitutional change.

Lord Weir's Committee on the amalgamation of services common to the Navy, Army, and Air Force has published its report; as the Committee was appointed over four years ago, its investigations have been fairly searching. The Committee was not called to inquire into the question of amalgamating the services under a Defence Minister; but only to discover whether analogous administrative branches in the Navy, Army, and Air Force, such as the Medical, Chaplain, and Supply Services, could be fused, or drawn from a common pool. In all cases the Committee finds that little or nothing can be done; their recommendations are all on points of administrative detail. Most of those who have been brought in touch with service administration will agree that, with one exception, which we will deal with later, the Committee's findings are correct. The idea of a Ministry of Supply for the three Services is more attractive than sound. If effect were given to it, the staffs responsible for distributing and inspecting the stores of the three Services would remain, and a vast new collecting staff in the new Ministry would be superimposed upon them.

The reservation made above applies to the findings on the Medical Services. We do not wish to say that the three medical branches and their hospitals could be fused into one; but we do say, most emphatically, that the problem cannot be investigated, far less settled, without consulting the authorities of the medical profession. The opinion of many medical men who entered the Services during the war was that the medical branches and hospital administration were completely out of touch with the medical profession as a whole, and that the ambitions of the officers in charge were administrative rather than professional—the higher an officer rose the less medicine did he do. There was not a single representative of the great London hospitals on the sub-committee which Lord Weir appointed to inquire into the Medical Services, and this seems to us largely to invalidate its conclusions. Those who administer a suspect system complacently are not authorities on reforming it.

The charges which have been brought against the Tangier police are a very serious matter. It is alleged that European officials, when unable to procure evidence against suspected persons, have handed them over to Moorish policemen who extort confessions or evidence by torture, and that the only reason why complaints have not been made before is that the police have established a reign of terror which has made the natives afraid of giving evidence against them. These allegations demand an immediate and most-searching inquiry. The International Administration of Tangier is admittedly a clumsy expedient, adopted to reconcile the conflicting claims of interested Powers; and the honour of the signatories to the Convention is deeply concerned in seeing that, at least, the native popula-

tion shall not suffer hardship and injustice under the international régime. It is a thousand pities that the International Administration is not obliged, like a Mandatory Power, to give account of its stewardship to the League of Nations.

A further step has been taken by the Washington Government, with the co-operation of the British authorities, towards putting a more effective check upon the monstrous traffic in smuggled liquor between the West Indies and the United States. General Lincoln C. Andrews, director of the Prohibition department in Washington, is now on the way to England with a delegation of experts, bringing a mass of evidence as to the nature and extent of the traffic. One main part of the game is for the smugglers, who are strongly organized and financed, to obtain clearance papers in the Bahamas and elsewhere for cargoes of whisky nominally consigned to Halifax or some other Canadian port. Actually, of course, the stuff is run into the ports of Florida and Virginia, or into New York and New Jersey by way of the notorious Rum Row of vessels lying at the twelve-mile limit. The Andrews delegation will propose a new agreement for the stricter regulation of clearances of vessels carrying liquor to the West Indies, a good deal of which, it is stated, is German whisky.

Whether or no processions and demonstrations have had their day as methods of political propaganda, there is no doubt that the demonstration on Equal Political Rights between men and women, in Hyde Park on Saturday, was a decided success. Suffrage processions have always been famed for the beauty and number of their banners, and this was no exception to the rule. The fact that the demonstration was supported by all the chief women's organizations (with the notable exception of the Women's Unionist Association) was in itself an emphatic testimony to the vigour and extent of the demand for Equal Franchise among organized women of to-day. The demonstrators demanded that legislation providing Equal Franchise should be introduced without delay. The grievance of the unenfranchised women of to-day is a very real one. The Prime Minister at the General Election promised equal political rights. During the debate on a private Member's bill introduced by members of the Labour Party in February, 1925, the Home Secretary repeated the Prime Minister's pledge that he would set up a Conference of members of all parties to arrive, if possible, at an agreed measure on equal franchise, and went on to state that such a Conference could be set up in 1926. But the Government refuses to announce any date when this is to be done.

The Privy Council has refused to consider further the application of Walthamstow to become a borough. The reason for their action is that the Urban District Council of Walthamstow neglected its duty in the General Strike, by actively sympathizing with the strikers. Attention is thus called to a very serious dilemma in which every Labour member of a local body must have been placed. His obvious public duty was to maintain the local services, which he had been elected to maintain. But as one Labour member of the L.C.C. put it; when on strike himself, he could scarcely be expected to organize "blacklegs" to carry on the services which his fellow trade unionists had decided should be stopped. So in many of the East End boroughs, notably in Shoreditch and Stepney, the electrical supply was allowed to be cut off, municipal contracts were broken, and presumably the members of the borough councils are liable for damages.

MR. BALDWIN'S QUALMS

IT is said that Mr. Baldwin is feeling keenly the recent attacks upon his behaviour from some of the Labour men. No man in politics minds abuse, however scurrilous, if it is totally unfounded. Of course, Mr. Baldwin does not deserve a word of the vulgar attacks which have been made against his personal honour and his personal sincerity. But he has a bad conscience. And it is right that he should have a bad conscience. Mr. Baldwin's bad conscience is the explanation of the flounderings, the inconsistencies, and the vacillations of the Government's policy for the last two or three weeks. Mr. Baldwin has been, in effect, defeated in his own Cabinet. He has been too weak to defend from some of his colleagues the working-men who had genuinely placed their trust in him. If he had been asked at the conclusion of the General Strike whether the owners' policy, now officially adopted by the Government, was the sort of thing which he had in mind when he promised the miners "a square deal," he would probably have repudiated the suggestion with indignation. He is sufficiently aware of this to be uneasy—to plunge in the traces in a way which strains the nerves of his colleagues on the box seat who thought that they had the reins firmly in their hands. He still desperately hopes to find a way out which is consistent with his promises and his professions. Two debates have been proceeding simultaneously—the debate between the Government and the Opposition, and the debate between Mr. Baldwin and his conscience. Members of Parliament naturally find it a little confusing when speeches which belong to the latter debate are suddenly interjected into the former.

Meanwhile, have the debates in Parliament disclosed any new argument for the Eight Hours Day to rebut the conclusions of the Royal Commission? We have discovered none, except the argument which the Commissioners did not overlook—that some degree of elasticity in the hours worked by certain grades of labour or in exceptional conditions would be technically desirable.

There are three possible grounds on which to advocate a general increase to eight hours for all grades of labour—that it is a good diplomatic threat, not intended to be carried out in practice, for bringing the men's leaders to heel, or that it offers the possibility of a solution which, rightly or wrongly, the men themselves would really prefer to lower wages, or that it is on its merits, despite the Royal Commission, the right solution of the problem. The validities of the two first reasons only the event can test. But we hold that it is a grave error—certainly not "a square deal"—to propose any solution which cannot be defended on its merits, and can, therefore, only put off the evil day.

Once more, then, we must return to the merits of the Eight Hours solution. No one denies that some substantial number of pits ought to be closed down. The crux of the economic problem of the mines, as distinct from the diplomatic problem of getting the men back, lies in the difficulty of bringing this about in an orderly way and in the still greater difficulty of absorbing in other industries the men who will thus be thrown out of work in addition to those who are unemployed already. It is as plain as day that the Eight Hours proposal must gravely aggravate these difficulties, and that this is the final and unanswerable argument against introducing it at this juncture. The coal industry is suffering from an overproduction—an overproduction which may

not exceed 5 or 10 per cent. of the whole, yet which, in the absence of joint selling arrangements, is sufficient to knock the bottom out of the market. To prescribe in such a case a measure, the first effect of which will be to increase production by 10 or 15 per cent., *must* be wrong, unless there is reason to think that the economies of more intensive production will in themselves allow a reduction of price sufficient to absorb a substantial part of the additional output.

Sir Josiah Stamp, in a letter to the *Times*, which has been quoted in the House of Commons in support of the Bill by the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Minister for Mines, seems to argue that this is so. Sir Josiah Stamp is a high authority whom we respect. But his argument in this case appears to be marred by a blunder.

The so-called Eight Hours proposals which are being made to the men are not, as their description might suggest, a proposal that the men should work longer hours at the same hourly wage as before. They are a polite cover for a proposal to reduce hourly wages coupled with an option to the men to make this up, if they choose, by working longer hours. Since most miners can already work more hours a week if they are so disposed, the proposal is not much different, from their point of view, from a mere reduction of wages; it merely gives an opportunity for arranging their hours of work in a way at present forbidden. This part of the so-called economy of the Eight Hours solution is entirely a lower-wages, and not a longer-hours, economy, and could be brought about, without a similar risk of overproduction, by a straight-forward cut in wages such as the Royal Commission recommended. The owners claim, however—probably with justice—that there are some additional economies from a greater technical efficiency and a more intensive employment of overhead which an Eight Hours Day will make possible. These are truly longer-hours economies. The question is—Will these economies in themselves permit a lowering of prices sufficient to sell the whole or the greater part of the additional 30,000,000 tons which a universal eight hour day by the men now employed might be expected to raise? This is the essential question which the Royal Commission examined and answered in the negative. Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet seems to be intellectually unequal to asking the question, far less to answering it. The Mining Association have estimated the lower-hourly-wages economies *plus* the true eight-hour-day economies (as defined above) at an average figure of about 2s. per ton. The Royal Commission thought it might be a bit more—say, 2s. 3d. Of this, the reduction of hourly-wages is responsible for not less than 1s. 6d. Thus the true eight-hour-day economies amount on the average to 6d. or 9d. per ton at the most. Is a reduction in price of this amount going to enable the industry, in the present state of world-markets, to sell an additional 30,000,000 tons or anything approaching that figure? The Royal Commission thought not, and we have not seen a ha'p'orth of argument to the contrary. Where has Sir Josiah Stamp gone astray? Unless we have quite misunderstood him, he has, in comparing the Eight-Hour solution with the straightforward reduction of wages recommended by the Commission, taken credit for the whole 2s. to 2s. 3d. as being available for price reductions to carry off the additional output; whereas the true figure in a comparison between these two courses is 6d. to 9d.

Thus the arguments of the Commissioners have escaped entirely unscathed from the recent intensive discussion of this feature of their Report. If, on the

other hand, the owners intend, as seems probable in several districts, to demand after a few months' interval, both an eight-hours day and a reduction of 10 per cent. in aggregate wages, this goes far beyond what the Royal Commission recommended, or what the Government and Owners' propaganda is disclosing to the public, or what the men can reasonably be asked to suffer.

Mr. Baldwin's manifest qualms as to whether the men are getting "a square deal" are not unfounded.

THE CANADIAN CRISIS

THE political crisis at Ottawa is so exceptional in character, and is enmeshed in so curious a tangle of circumstance, that it would seem useless to discuss its broader aspects without first making a brief statement of the essential facts. The Liberal leader, Mr. Mackenzie King, was a minority Prime Minister. He emerged from the general election of October last with a party of 101. The Conservatives were 116, while the Western Progressives and a few Labour allies made up a balancing group of 28. With an assurance of general Progressive support, Mr. King decided to carry on. He reformed his Government, and, all things considered, was able to make a better showing for six months than had seemed possible in the autumn. The outlook was changed through the exposure by an inquiry commission of grave scandals in the Customs, under the Minister responsible for that department in the last Parliament, and mainly connected with the smuggling of liquor. The Conservatives based a resolution of censure upon the Customs report, and the scandals were of such a nature that Mr. Meighen, the Opposition leader, was able at once to enlist a group of Progressives and thus to inflict upon the Prime Minister a series of defeats in committee. This was the position in the last week of June when, a defeat in the House being plainly unavoidable, Mr. King asked the Governor-General for a dissolution of Parliament. Instead of acceding, Lord Byng sent for the Conservative leader and invited him to form a Government. Mr. Meighen accepted, put together a scratch Cabinet of seven Ministers without portfolio for the purpose of winding up the business of the session, and was promptly defeated in the House by the casting on to the Liberal side of the vote of the one woman member, Miss Agnes Macphail. The dissolution denied to Mr. King was, on July 2nd, granted by the Governor-General to Mr. Meighen, and was instantly made operative. As a consequence, Canada is plunged into an election campaign with a hotly debated constitutional issue added to a party situation that was already more than sufficiently complicated.

An extraordinary bitterness of feeling has been produced by this sequence of events. The Conservatives assert that the Governor-General acted rightly. He can exercise the prerogative only according to his best judgment, while they argue that Mr. King sought a dissolution in order, not only to escape defeat on the direct motion of censure, but also to secure the positive advantage which the Canadian system of patronage and electoral control gives to the party in office. Mr. Mackenzie King retorts that the dissolution has been obtained by a defeated Ministry which, by resolution of the House, had been declared never to have had the right to exist. The Liberals contend that, having sent for Mr. Meighen and witnessed his immediate collapse, the Governor-General should have returned to Mr. King who, as the head of the only Government possible in the present Parliament, would then have been accorded the dissolution as an unquestionable right. The case of the Progressives is, of necessity, less easy to state. Their vote

was split by the Customs report. A majority of their members were driven by what they regarded as the shocking character of the disclosures to vote against the Liberal Government, but it is evident that the dispute in the caucus was severe and the upshot irritating to a section of the Western members, for Mr. Forke, the Progressive leader, has resigned his position. The natural inference is that he gave some kind of undertaking to Lord Byng and to Mr. Meighen, which led them to assume that the majority of the Progressives would vote to keep the temporary Ministry in office for the wind-up of the session, and that the compact proved at the first touch to be unworkable.

The crisis has been marked by sharp turns and the swift emergence of fresh issues. Thus, it is noticeable that, whereas the Liberal and Progressive resentment was at first directed against Lord Byng, for his alleged abuse of the prerogative, it appears now to be concentrated upon Mr. Meighen by reason of the circumstances of the dissolution. Parliament was dismissed without any provision for the passing of necessary Bills, and without the formality of prorogation. This summary action, the Progressives angrily declare, is not only a breach of faith with the Canadian electorate; it is "a disgusting insult to the people's representatives," the responsibility for which rests entirely upon Mr. Meighen, who by his successful insistence made the Governor-General a party to it.

The elections will not be held before September, and it is probable that the issues may undergo various changes in the interval of two months. The course of events has made inevitable a campaign alliance, or at least an understanding, between Liberals and Progressives, Mr. King summons to his side all who "cherish liberty" and the rights of Parliament, and he seeks to make a great constitutional issue out of the existence and actions of the Meighen Government. There can be no mistaking the trend of this development. It will involve a vigorous affirmation of Canadian nationhood and a wide-ranging debate on the nature and limits of Dominion status. The Conservative line will be to attack Mr. King and the Progressives indiscriminately as separatists; but we may perhaps anticipate that the more responsible of Mr. Meighen's followers will exhibit some restraint in their use of this weapon, for they are aware that it is decidedly double-edged. The opinion and sentiment of Imperialist Canada are profoundly at variance with the views that are held by our Tory Imperialists at home; and Mr. Meighen, knowing the value of last year's Conservative gains in the prairie provinces, needs no one to remind him that his sure hold upon Ontario and the maritime provinces is a relatively small matter when disruptive constitutional theories have been evoked or revived.

Upon the extraordinary disturbance aroused, in Canada and beyond, by the Governor-General's use of the prerogative we make, in conclusion, only one brief comment. It may be that, as is being said in many quarters, Lord Byng has made history. If so, it will be Dominion history alone, for it is surely wide of the mark to suggest that what a retiring Viceroy does in circumstances of a special kind at Ottawa can have any direct bearing upon party policy and Cabinet government in Britain. Lord Byng was in a difficult position. He acted, happily for all concerned, upon his own initiative and without consulting the Secretary of State for the Dominions. For our part we cannot see how he could judge it to be probable that Mr. Meighen would be able to form a Government and get his Ministers elected; but, doubtless, he thought it worth while to give the leader of the largest party in the House this rather desperate chance. The point of immediate and practical import, however, is this: that the constitutional issue has now been raised, and raised in a dramatic and provocative

manner. For a good many years past the national feeling of Canada has been gathering around the office of the Governor-General, its power of veto, and its relation to the Crown. Lord Byng, we may be quite certain, had not the smallest desire or intention to throw this issue right into the midst of Dominion politics at the close of his successful term of office. But that, precisely, is what he has done.

AT ST. STEPHEN'S

MR. BALDWIN'S BUBBLE BROKEN

(BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

THE decline and fall of Mr. Baldwin—or, if you please, in more popular terms, the bursting of the Baldwin bubble, has been the feature chiefly revealed in this week's Parliamentary debate. In order fully to explain this, I must make a digression into the past. I do not mean by the bursting of the bubble the fact that epithets such as "murderer," "thief," "hypocrite," are hurled at him from the sorely tried back bench miners' representatives, or that the chairman of the N.U.R. can declare with approbation that if the characteristic of an English gentleman is hypocrisy, then Mr. Baldwin fills the bill. Or that the Press have done him the disservice of announcing that while the miners are fighting for their lives for their standard of living, Mr. Baldwin is announced to be one day at the Test Match, the next at Wimbledon, the third at Henley, and the next at the University cricket match. I mean the spell which he has cast over this present Parliament is broken, that the almost uncanny popularity which he exercised over his opponents has disappeared in a kind of loathing and contempt; and that although he may still lead a truculent Tory majority preaching truculent Toryism, "Baldwinism" has vanished, as *les neiges d'autan*.

He attained supremacy by engineering the conspiracy against Mr. Lloyd George and the Coalition, with the help of Lord Beaverbrook who persuaded at the last minute Mr. Bonar Law to become Prime Minister; a conspiracy in which Lord Birkenhead, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and Sir Robert Horne refused to join. He obtained a great Tory majority. He threw away that Tory majority on the advice of little Mr. Amery and other miscellanea in a desperate attempt to re-establish protection. All through 1924 he sat as official leader of the Opposition in a kind of stupefaction. When he spoke, and always badly, he was never cheered by his followers, who were engaged, nearly all day, in intrigues by which they hoped to get rid of him. The folly of Mr. MacDonald during the autumn gave him an unexpected general election with an overwhelming majority. And the intriguers were found, in Mr. Thomas's pleasant terms concerning himself, to be grovelling at his feet. Exalted practically to a dictatorship, he proceeded to win the hearts even of his opponents by, in his own words, refusing to fire the first shot against them, and by lengthy and lachrymose speeches, of the kind which delight a Pleasant Sunday Afternoon, explaining that he loved the poor even more than the rich, that he was going back to Disraeli's ideals in "Coningsby" and "Sybil," and that a new Tory democracy, divorced from the vested interests, had entered into the House of Commons. He made several speeches, which everyone applauded. He was probably more popular with the Labour benches even than with his own. When that the poor had cried, they felt, Baldwin had wept, and Ambition should have been made of sterner stuff. Labour preferred, as a beaten party, the weeping to the ambition. A few months ago he would easily have been chosen as the most popular member of the House of Commons.

Now the crash has come. Last week, at the end of a deplorable utterance, he announced, apparently, in the opinion of the whole assembly, that he would withdraw his Eight Hours Bill, and substitute all the recommendations of the Commission's Report if the Miners' Federation

would agree. The statement caused some excitement. On Saturday morning he was challenged by Captain Wedgwood Benn, whether he meant the plain words that he had spoken the evening before. He sadly indicated dissent without speaking. Instead of explaining or appealing, he put up Mr. Winston Churchill, whose knowledge of economics is rudimentary, bitterly to attack, not the Miners' Federation, or the miners' representatives in the House, but the recommendations of the Royal Commission which the Prime Minister himself had appointed, for whose report we paid twenty millions, and whose report every sane man in England thought would be put into operation so far as Government legislation was concerned. When that the poor have cried, no one has ever surmised that Churchill has wept. His ambition is certainly made of sterner stuff. He spoke badly, as curiously enough everyone has spoken badly who has advocated the Bill that attempts to lengthen the miner's day. There seems to be a kind of curse in the advocacy of this particular piece of "social retrogression." Mr. Bridgeman, when he was allowed to speak, after being prevented for some time by ejaculatory noises, fiercely attacked Sir John Simon for his attacks on the Bill. But he was assailing not Sir John Simon's arguments, but the arguments summarized by a competent lawyer from a report presented to the Prime Minister by a Commission he himself appointed, with no miners' representatives on it, but composed of a very clever politician, two captains of industry, and one of the most brilliant living economists. Under such circumstances, the always halting and semi-articulate utterances of the First Lord of the Admiralty merely revealed the inadequacy of economics learnt at Eton in face of realities.

A few weeks ago Mr. Baldwin seemed to be at the height of his triumph. He had smashed the general strike. He had exhibited his generosity after the general strike had been smashed. He had, as Mr. Bromley's revelations exhibit, completely severed the miners from the Trades Union Congress, whose leaders were snarling against each other like a company of carnivora. Suddenly, he throws all his advantage and popularity away. He is not strong enough, even among the company of second and third-rate men who comprise this Cabinet, to compel them to carry out the reconstruction of the mines which is the first recommendation of the Report, and instead of the twelve statutory recommendations which the Report advocates, he launches the unfortunate Lane Fox on an abortion of a Bill, which contains nothing but voluntary amalgamations which will never be effected and pit-baths which will never be used. He is then driven forward by an act of pure political insanity to repeal the seven hours day in the mines, which the coal owners have been attempting since 1922, and which the coal miners will resist until they and their dependents have been starved into submission. He seems to have had no guidance as to the effect of what has become really a flag or a fetish, quite apart from the present discontents, the kind of thing that men are willing to fight and to die for. What is the result? The leaders of the trades unions have forgot their quarrels and thrown themselves into the arms of the Miners' Federation. They carry with them the bulk of the working classes of England, who by an overwhelming plebiscite, whether normally Tory, Liberal, or Labour, would vote for the Bill being torn to pieces. He can neglect the wild noises of excited if sincere men in the back benches. But he has changed the attitude of responsible Labour into one of mingled anger and contempt. Mr. Hartshorn, who never interrupts, and from the Front Bench has made two most remarkable speeches, moderate in tone and with much of the substance cheered by the younger Tories, concludes in a cold quiet summary, all the more noteworthy for its restraint. "As one who has had a great respect for the Prime Minister, as one who would have trusted him, I have come to the conclusion, and I am perfectly certain that every miner in Britain, and I believe that every worker, ultimately will come to the conclusion, that the greatest enemy of the working classes that this generation has produced is the present Prime Minister. I very much regret having reached that conclusion." Mr. Varley, to whom the Conservative Press were throwing bouquets for tempting his Nottingham miners to go back to work, quietly and without bitterness,

asserts that the Prime Minister "has exhausted not only his own patience, but the patience of quite a lot of other people," and that "having lost everything I hold most dear in the attempt I have made, I was yet prepared to go on, but the Government's scant treatment of my efforts have made me not a peacemaker but a belligerent. I am going back to Nottingham to undo what I attempted to do in the direction of peace."

Mr. Baldwin, by a weakness which in a statesman of responsibility is far more injurious than wickedness, has advanced by a generation that class war which it was his sole object and purpose to avoid.

It is true that he has a Government in lack of judgment and incapacity unequalled since the ephemeral Disraeli administration of the nineteenth century. The story of his threat of resignation has been denied, but the denial exhibits no particular credit to the author. If the week after the Report was published he had come down to the House and declared that so far as recommendations to the Government were concerned, he would immediately put into effect the Report, the whole Report, and nothing but the Report, he could have rallied the whole nation behind him, and brushed the opponents, even in his own administration, into obscurity. The fact that he did not do so created the general strike, the coal strike, and the utter collapse of the trust which he had obtained by pleasant words and speeches from the working-people of this country. To those who still recognize his honesty of intention and charm of manner, this collapse of will-power is little less than a tragedy. For the man who obtains advantage by promises he does not carry out is in the position of a debtor who pays his bills with dishonoured cheques.

Little else is discussed in the lobbies, and the House is practically empty while Mr. Churchill shoves through without effectual opposition the remaining clauses of his budget. In fact, I have heard, in astonishing lobby gossip, the doctrine propounded that the twelve righteous men who excommunicated Mr. Lloyd George, propose to combine to make a new Centre Party, they possessing brains, and some energy, without followers; and Mr. Baldwin, without energy or brains, possessing followers. I take no responsibility for this ingenious conjecture. But the fact that it is being freely talked about exhibits the chaotic condition into which has fallen an administration possessing the largest majority controlled by the most popular Prime Minister of modern times, and stranger events have occurred in the vicissitudes of Parliamentary Government.

LIFE AND POLITICS

AN eminent Liberal leader, a devoted and sincere Liberal, said to me years ago: "I can work with the intellectual Socialists, but I cannot work with the Trade Unions." It was ten years ago, but I think he would say it even more emphatically to-day. The Railwaymen's Annual Conference at Weymouth opened its proceedings this week by a motion to exclude all reporters who did not represent 100 per cent. Trade Union papers. Naturally all the Press men withdrew, including the representative of the DAILY HERALD. I am told that the leaders of the Union advised the journalists to trickle back, with the understanding that nobody would pay any attention. The journalists decided that nobody should have the chance. They declined to trickle back. Under the chairmanship of a thoroughly sound Trade Unionist they said, "Rescind that resolution, and we will come back, but not else." I noticed that the DAILY HERALD slipped into its report of this affair the statement that as the DAILY HERALD complied with the conditions of the resolution they had instructed their representative to report the Conference. I am writing a little too soon to see whether he does, but I expect not, and we may have the delightful spectacle of the National Union of Journalists protecting the DAILY HERALD man by threatening the DAILY HERALD with a

strike. The T.U.C. shut down the Press as long as they could during the general strike. It was an act of madness from their own point of view. A prominent Labour Member defended their action to me by saying that a compositor or a printer has the right to refuse to set or print what he believes to be wrong. The horrifying truth is, and this action of the N.U.R. Conference confirms it, that the Trade Unions have at present the tyrant mind. The single act of tyranny is a small and usually a silly thing. The mentality of the tyrant is a dreadful thing.

In a speech at the Hotel Cecil this week Lord Grey made one reference to the differences in the Liberal Party, saying in a sentence or two that they were more serious than any of the published statements would suggest. I have not the least idea what Lord Grey meant. In his speech at the National Liberal Club a few weeks ago he slipped in a similar ominous passage, saying, in fact, that he was only surprised that the break had not come before. In neither case does anyone know what he meant. Lord Grey has the reputation of an Aristides. I am not sure that Liberal publicists who followed the course of events from 1906 till 1914, and the course of Lord Grey's parliamentary explanations of them, would subscribe to the testimonial. At any rate, Lord Grey has it, and he should live up to it. What did he mean by his mysterious sentence at the Hotel Cecil? Not, let us hope, another mare's nest like the meeting at Mr. Philip Snowden's house. I remember being in a railway carriage in Lancashire when one of a party was muttering some discontent or disagreement. Another of his company rebuked him thus: "Stop thi chunnerin'. If tha's ow't to say, say it like a mon, but dunna chunner!"

Mr. J. H. Thomas has broken his two-months' silence about the general strike by a speech characteristically compounded of the indignant and the lachrymose. Perhaps he would have done better to let the silence continue. If ever there was a case of the less said the soonest mended! The general strike, for which Mr. Thomas was as much responsible as any other T.U.C. leader, nearly ruined Mr. Thomas, as a public man and as a railwaymen's champion. What was the prospect for Mr. Thomas, the esteemed after-dinner orator on patriotic themes, and what about the basis of his prosperity as the trusted shield of railway workers, after cruel circumstances had forced him to sign a humiliating agreement with the companies? Well, there is nothing like audacity when a man is in a tight place. Mr. Thomas denounces the general strike with the unctuous rhetoric of a Churchill, or with the (delayed) statesmanship of a MacDonald. He was, it seems that most pitiable of ill-doers, the man who knows better all the time. Is it unfair to ask why, with these sentiments, he did not resign from the T.U.C. on that fateful night when the general strike was decided upon? That would have killed, or at least scotched, the Frankenstein's monster. He need not then have "grovelled" for peace, nor would he now be forced to display to the public the pageant of his "broken heart."

I return to the Foundling Hospital and its destruction because a correspondent of THE NATION has rebuked me for want of sympathy with the children, who, he says, will be happier in the country. That may be so, though a good case can be made out for London as a healthy and—for children—a happy place. But this is not the point. Even if the Foundling Hospital, which is a very rich charity, finds itself forced to sell up its old home with all the memories attached to it, that is no reason why London should look on helplessly at the ruin of the place and the substitution of some modern piece of vulgarity. If the

Hospital cares so little, or can afford to care so little, for the precious rooms and their treasures of art, then the community ought to be sufficiently excited about it to step in and preserve them. Let the children go into the country if that is necessary. Is it conceivable that London cannot afford the luxury of keeping the Hospital intact? Using the nucleus of the Hogarths and Gainsboroughs that are there, there might be created in that queer old setting so exquisitely appropriate a fascinating museum of eighteenth-century arts and crafts. If nothing is done it will be owing to sheer indifference to the sentiment of the past. The community may be hopeless in this matter: are there no rich men to shame it? I am glad to hear that a Society has been formed to try to save the Hospital and the green havens around it.

I saw something of M. Coué when first he came to London with his healing formula. The papers made a nine days' wonder of him, but the man himself was unpretentious. He was simple even to naïveté, and thoroughly honest. All he had to say was that if you believe you are well you are well. With a smile that changed as little as his formula he said it over and over again, washing his hands with invisible soap and beaming on his audience with disarming benevolence. It was his obvious sincerity that won the day where clever quackery would have failed. He thought he had hit on a marvellous discovery, and thousands of worried folks looking for a short cut to happiness—the chief occupation of humanity in all ages—followed him. I do not think he did any harm; auto-suggestion, even where it is useless, cannot do much mischief. The psychologists could and did tear his theory to pieces. Nothing was easier than to show that there is nothing in it, or that what there is in it is as old as prehistoric man. But M. Coué went his smiling way undisturbed. He dealt not in theories but in beliefs; in beneficent magic, one may say. And unquestionably he did a great deal of good to the right sort of people—the people who derive benefit from a bottle of medicine whether it contains anything but water or not. Putting it at the lowest he was a benefactor to the race—of humorists and comedians. And he gave a new word to the language.

KAPPA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S MANCHESTER SPEECH

SIR,—It seems odd that after a lapse of nearly a month, the columns of your paper have been utilized for the purpose of what appears to be a concerted attack upon the accuracy of certain statements made by Mr. Lloyd George in his Manchester speech.

In the dubious hope that distinguished Liberals will discontinue to use your space for purposes of endeavouring to interpret their own encomiums of Mr. Lloyd George and those of others, and especially because Mr. Leif Jones suggested in his letter which you published last week that Mr. Lloyd George should verify his quotations, I have taken the trouble to do so.

In the Manchester speech, Mr. Lloyd George referred to speeches made by Mr. Runciman, Sir John Simon, and Lord Grey. Mr. Runciman's denial has been dealt with quite faithfully by Mr. Keynes, but it may be useful to give the exact words used by Mr. Runciman as reported in the *SOUTH WALES NEWS* of May 30th, 1925:—

"He had never risen to perform a duty with greater pleasure than he did to bring forward a vote of thanks to their president that afternoon. He had been president of the Federation for nearly a generation, and there was no Welshman so fully entitled to that distinguished position as Mr. Lloyd George. In fact, because of his own personal record his national prestige and his international reputation, no man living was more entitled to the honour. (Cheers.) He asked them to do honour to the most distinguished of Welsh statesmen."

Mr. Leif Jones has thought fit to challenge the accuracy of Mr. Lloyd George's reference to Sir John Simon, but unfortunately he has neglected to take his own advice and verify his quotations.

After referring to certain statements as being myths, Mr. Leif Jones comments: "There is not much here to suggest eulogy of Mr. Lloyd George."

In the light of the following extract from the *CLECKHEATON GUARDIAN* of November 6th, 1925, it would be interesting to know what form a really eulogistic utterance would take:—

"That is why no man, speaking sincerely, can dispute that our honoured guest to-night has done much, has said much, and has been much for his fellow countrymen and for the world." (Applause.) "If at any time, my right honourable friend is tempted to repine because he is the target of criticism, I think he will always be able to console himself by the reflection that nearly everyone who has criticized him to-day has thanked God for him at some other time." (Applause.)

"It is, Mr. Chairman," (concluded Sir John), a matter of great pride to me that you and your committee appealed to me, as the Spen Valley representative, to see if I could secure Mr. Lloyd George's attendance here to-night, and it is a very sincere pleasure to me that he has been gracious enough to consent to come. If British trade needs for its recovery the spirit of comradeship; unquenchable optimism; a seeking of new methods; a cheerful and indomitable courage in the hour of darkness, how can a toast be more appropriate than the toast that couples with British trade and commerce the name of Mr. Lloyd George." (Applause.)

Mr. Leif Jones further refers to Mr. Lloyd George's audacity in providing himself with a testimonial from Lord Grey. Mr. Lloyd George said at Manchester (*MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*, June 7th, 1926):—

"Lord Grey published a book last year in which he wrote in most eloquent terms of the services I rendered to the country in a much greater emergency than the General Strike."

This comment does not seem remarkably audacious. What Lord Grey said is contained in Volume II. of his book, "Twenty-five Years, 1892-1916." Chapter 29, page 242:—

"His fertility and resource were wonderful; his energy was never depressed by difficulties or daunted by adversity; his spirit was always high. His activity sought any point of importance, where he thought something was not being done that needed to be, or where he saw his way to set right what was wrong or to give a new impulse. When munitions ran short and he had realized what the needs were and how they would grow, he made the question his own, though it then belonged entirely to the War Office. Kitchener's principle and practice was to leave the work of other people alone, and to tolerate no interference from others with what he regarded as his job. When he found that the activity of Lloyd George was entering his department he barred the way. The torrent of Lloyd George's activity foamed against the obstruction and for a time was delayed, but it ended by sweeping before it that part of the War Office that dealt with munitions and depositing it elsewhere. In short, a separate Department of Munitions was formed, and Lloyd George's method was to get things done by searching out the ablest men for his purpose, wherever they could be found, and throwing them into the work. Critics said that he made chaos, but out of it came a department and the Munitions, and but for Lloyd George the country would not have been organized as soon as it was for the work of making munitions."

Having accepted both Mr. Runciman's and Mr. Leif Jones's advice to verify Mr. Lloyd George's quotations, nothing of what was said in the Manchester speech is disproved, but in the light of recent events one is left with an unhappy feeling that insincerity in public utterance has distinguished many Liberal spokesmen during the last two years.—Yours, &c.,

GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE.

17, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

July 6th, 1926.

LORD OXFORD AND MR LLOYD GEORGE

SIR,—You have been more than patient. This is really my last word.

In previous letters I have raised three questions:—

1. Whether "conciliation"—*vis-à-vis* of the general strikers—would not have been both illiberal and mistaken.

With this question you do not deal in your comments. Perhaps you feel that you have already established the contrary in previous editorials. Though I read these with care and avidity, I have not found in them any answer—or, indeed, any reference—to the specific arguments I have advanced in support of my own view.

2. What the leader of the party should have done when Mr. George's letter of May 10th was communicated to him. This question remains unanswered.

3. Why Mr. George, on May 26th, said that he had not criticized the Government because it was in the circumstances wrong to do so; whereas on May 10th he said he had criticized them severely because it was in the circumstances right to do so: adding that he intended to "cut" his colleagues for not following his example.

I challenge those who support his conduct to answer this last question, which, from the point of view of his "workability" as a colleague, is crucial.

The explanation that springs to a poisoned "Whiggish" mind is that Mr. George says what suits him at the moment, without much reference to its accuracy or consistency (qualities which, according to him, are only fit for "stick-in-the-muds"), but with a very well-founded faith in the shortness of his hearers' memories. If this is not the explanation, what is?

Your sole comment on these questions is the suggestion that the leader of the party was also in favour of "conciliation" with the general strikers. As you expressly admit that his contribution to the *BRITISH GAZETTE* and his "post-strike" utterances were "unbendingly" against it, I imagined you must refer to his only other public utterance—his House of Lords speech?—as supporting your suggestion. I therefore sought to show by chapter and verse that it did not. This also is unanswered.

The suggestion is now whittled down to this—that Sir John Simon moved—or rather drafted, for it was never moved—a resolution of a "conciliatory" order, and that the leader of the party must have known and approved of its terms. Whether he knew or approved of them I do not know. Sir John Simon, in his pamphlet on the "General Strike," says it was drafted in consultation with "Mr. Harney, Sir R. Hutchison, and some other Liberal M.P.s"—which rather suggests the contrary. However this may be, the resolution did not, as you say, recommend that certain things should be done "concurrently with the withdrawal of the General Strike." It recommended that if and when the strike were unconditionally withdrawn, certain things should be done concurrently (not with its withdrawal), but with one another—a very different thing. Unconditional withdrawal is to be a condition precedent to anything being done at all, and this is precisely what Lord Grey and my father said in their much-criticized articles in the *BRITISH GAZETTE*: "The unconstitutional weapon . . . must first be sheathed."—Yours, &c.,

CYRIL ASQUITH.

72, Cambridge Terrace, W.2.

[Our own interpretation of the meaning of Sir John Simon's resolution is borne out by his speech in the House on May 11th. We believe that, on the eve of the settlement of the General Strike, Lord Oxford was in general sympathy with the conciliatory line of action recommended in this resolution. If we are wrong in this, then we differed more fundamentally from Lord Oxford than we have supposed. On the other hand, we agree that Lord Oxford's message to the *BRITISH GAZETTE* had a different ring; and it was for this reason that we had some sympathy with the substance, if not with the form, of Mr. Lloyd George's protest against it.—ED., THE NATION.]

THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

SIR,—I notice you attribute to "quasi-religious preconceptions" the obstinate preference of the mineowners for a longer working day as the means of making good, at least for the time, the formidable deficit which the trade has to cover.

This theory seems improbable. Capitalists risking *their own money*, and commanding the best expert advice, do

not, as a rule, undertake extensive and speculative business on nothing more solid than a quasi-religious preconception.

If, under the circumstances, they are prepared to disagree with the Commissioners and take the risk, why hinder them?

You wrote last week of the "appalling" prospect of a fall in the price of coal as if it were an unmitigated calamity. Is not cheap coal the chief thing needed to recover the lost export trade in coal and the *most* important cheap return freights for food and raw material which come through it? For the possible blowing-in of blast-furnaces idle since 1921 owing to the rise in coal prices? For the stimulation of every kind of industry, whether new or old, and for a material reduction in the domestic coal bill which forms so substantial an item in the cost of living to our poorest homes?

If the coal-owners prove right, and they can sell the increased output more cheaply at a profit, it will plainly be better for all parties. If wrong, it means loss to them, and perhaps only three or four days' work weekly at the mines. But that is better than having half the mines closed down and 500,000 men at once thrown on the dole by a policy, truly reactionary, of restricted output and dear coal. Either way the nation benefits by the cheap and abundant supply of fuel on which its prosperity has been built.

In this matter the mine-owners are clearly upholding those national interests and those principles of individual freedom which are supposed to be the special care of the Liberal Party. For their own credits' sake let not Liberals oppose them.—Yours, &c.,

OSWALD EARP.

24, The Chase, S.W.4.
June 29th, 1926.

[This letter illustrates excellently the "quasi-religious preconceptions" to which we referred and which are certainly not confined to the mine-owners.

The present (or rather pre-strike) prices of coal are heavily subsidized prices. Longer hours, coupled with the maximum reductions of wages that can conceivably be coupled with them, will not entirely make good the withdrawal of the subsidy. If our coal is to be sold remuneratively, it must be sold, not cheaper, but somewhat dearer than it has been during the past year. There is thus no room at all for Mr. Earp's vision of the "blowing-in of blast-furnaces idle since 1921," of "the stimulation of every kind of industry whether new or old," and so forth, as the result of cheaper coal, except on one assumption. That assumption is that coal is *not* sold remuneratively, that the extra production resulting from an eight-hour day knocks the bottom out of the market once again, and leads to further price-cutting until there is another "gap" as big as the present one.

That the eight-hour day (if its purpose is not frustrated by *ca' canny* on the miners' part) will produce some such result as this, we firmly believe; and we certainly adduce it as an objection to the eight-hour policy. Yet, when we do so, Mr. Earp holds up his hands in horror as though we were enunciating an outrageous paradox, and accuses us of regarding cheap coal as "an unmitigated calamity," and of advocating "restricted output and dear coal." But can Mr. Earp in all seriousness deny that it is an objection? Does he really desire to see the coal mines again making heavy losses, with the almost inevitable sequel of a repetition of our present troubles—a further attempt to reduce the miners' wages, and a further three-months' stoppage? Does he think this a sound basis for the revival of British industry? Does he really think that it is on this sort of basis that our past "prosperity has been built"? If he does think this, the outrageous paradox is his, not ours. If he does not, what does he mean?—ED., THE NATION.]

WESTON

SIR,—With regard to Sir Charles Hobhouse's statement that the report of an incident at Weston in the *DAILY NEWS* was an "untrue and ungenerous travesty," will you permit me to point out that the report in question is almost identical with the report in the *MORNING POST*, apart from one or

two slips in the latter, such as the substitution of the word "delegates" where "leaders" is plainly meant, and is substantially the same as the reports in the DAILY TELEGRAPH and the DAILY GRAPHIC?

I need not say that nothing was further from our intention than to do any injustice to Sir Charles Hobhouse.—Yours, &c.,

STUART HODGSON,
Editor, DAILY NEWS.

Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

July 4th, 1926.

"KAPPA" ON PRONUNCIATION

SIR,—I trust it is not excessive touchiness on my part which makes me detect a tarter note than seems necessary in "Kappa's" references to me in a recent issue of THE NATION. I readily admit that I am not a genius. I have never claimed to be one or, indeed, to be any more than a fairly competent journalist, and I should be sorry to think that any man, even one who dislikes me, has warrant for regarding me as a rude, aggressive and low-minded person with no other desire than to advertise myself. For I take it that when "Kappa" congratulates me on my "success as self-appointed *Arbiter elegantiarum* in the matter of English pronunciation," and adds to this statement, "success, I mean, for Mr. St. John Ervine," he is telling your readers that I am the sort of man who will do anything for publicity. It does not seemingly occur to "Kappa" that I am in earnest about this business, nor does he appear to be sufficiently acquainted with me—I am ignorant of his identity and unable, therefore, to say whether he knows me or not—to realize that I have never in my life, either wholly or in part, engaged in any cause for any other reason than to promote its welfare. I do not need to advertise myself: hundreds of people seem perfectly willing to do that for me. The word "self-appointed" is apparently intended to be a taunt. It is a very silly one. All of us, including "Kappa," are more or less self-appointed when we undertake to do a particular job. I imagine that you, sir, did not instruct "Kappa" to administer an offensive rebuke to me, and, therefore, to that extent at all events, he is a self-appointed person. In any event, what is wrong about self-appointment to a job one badly desires to do, and how otherwise than by himself is a man to be appointed to do such a job as I have undertaken to do? Is this taunt not below "Kappa's" general level?

However, I am not writing to you to complain of "Kappa," but to explain my purpose and to try to enlist his support for it. He tells your readers that I have come from "Belfast to tell us how to pronounce our own despised 'South-Eastern' speech." I am unable to understand why he assumes that all, or even the majority, of your readers possess "South-Eastern" accents, but he must permit me to tell him and your readers that I have not come from Belfast to do anything of the sort. I do not care how a South-Eastern Englishman pronounces "our own South-Eastern speech." I would, of course, prefer, if I had a choice in the matter, that he should not pronounce it at all, for it is a very dull, flat, colourless speech, difficult to hear and not worth hearing when you do hear it; but if South-Eastern Englishmen like to speak it, by all means let them do so. Who am I that I should interfere with a man's right to be a dull and inarticulate talker? What I am trying to do, in common with many other and abler people, is to persuade them to speak the English language, which happens to be mine as fully and completely as it is the language of "Kappa," in a clear, distinct, and, if possible, fine fashion. I am aware of the fact that the words "Belfast" and "Ulster" have an infuriating effect on Liberals, a collection of people who cannot even get themselves competently led, and, therefore, I do not expect "Kappa" or any of his sort to regard me as anything but a hulking savage because I was born in Belfast; but I think that a very good case could be made for saying that the Ulster people to-day speak not unlike the way in which Shakespeare spoke, and if there is any part of the population of these islands which may claim to have authority in matters of English pronunciation, the Ulster people have as good a title to do so as anybody, and a very much better title than "Kappa's"

Cockneys. We at all events have not emasculated our language. The English tongue is the property of the whole English-speaking people, and the claim made by the South-Eastern English that they alone have authority over it is a characteristic piece of Cockney impertinence.

"Kappa" defies me to pronounce the "r" in words like "dinner." I am perfectly willing to come into his company and do so. He may draw up a list of words with "r's" in them and I will pronounce them all. When I say *pronounce* them, I do not mean that I will trill or roll them. I mean exactly what I say, that I will pronounce them so that they will be heard, but not excessively heard. One of the mysteries of life to me is the fact that "polate" and "refaned" Cockneys, most of whom are middle-class persons from the university of Oxford, will go raving mad if a poet dares to rhyme "morn" with "dawn" and will expend vast quantities of fury on those who use "Cockney rhymes," and yet in their conversation will habitually pronounce these words as if they were pure rhymes. I am certain, though I do not know him, that "Kappa" himself says "mawn" when he means "morn" and talks about the "ripening cawn." Well, if it is right to talk like that, why is it wrong to rhyme the words in verse? He accuses me of rarely referring to "the anæmia of vowels" which is now so common among, though he does not add this, "South-Eastern" English people. But, sir, I continually refer to it both in print and in speech. The very word "refaned" which I have applied to this anæmic enunciation is a proof that I am as concerned about the flattening of vowels as I am about the eliding of "r's." In the issue of the OBSERVER which was published on the day after the issue of THE NATION containing "Kappa's" references to me, I quoted a number of words in which the vowels are flattened by pretentious Scots who imagine that they are speaking with a nice, English accent. In the fortnight preceding the appearance of "Kappa's" paragraph, I spoke lengthily and often on this very subject at Hull and Edinburgh while examining competitors at verse-speaking festivals. It is a little hard on me that I should be accused of not doing something that others assert I do excessively.

I may, perhaps, be pardoned for thinking that "Kappa" does not know what he is talking about when I add that one of your own contributors, and a very able one, wrote to me immediately after "Kappa's" paragraph was published, saying "this bloke has not listened to the Anglican voice. Many of us are delighted that you are keeping on with the holy war." So it seems that even in the ranks of your own contributors there is division on this point, and I am not, in the opinion of all of them, the low and ill-bred person that "Kappa" seems to think I am.

I acknowledge that in debate, when I get excited, I have the common Irish habit of uttering "to him" so swiftly that it becomes "to 'um," and I will present "Kappa" with the information that I also sometimes say "ut" when I mean "it." I wish I did not. The difference between "Kappa" and me, however, is that I admit that these mispronunciations *are* mispronunciations, and I do not wish anyone to emulate me in using them, whereas he almost brags of his damnable "dinnah" and has the impudence to assert that that is the correct pronunciation of "dinner." It is my business, both as a dramatist and as a dramatic critic, to know about audibility of speech. There has, and I imagine that even "Kappa" would not deny this, been an enormous increase of mumbling and inaudible talk in South-Eastern England in late years. I believe, perhaps wrongly, that this is chiefly due to the elision of *r's* at the end of words, an elision which weakens them, and for that reason I harp on *r's* to a greater extent than I do on flattened vowels. If the *r* is given proper value in a word, that word, in my belief, is more audible than when the value is reduced or abolished. Whether that be so or not, the fact remains that mumbling and inaudibility are increasingly characteristic of what are called well-educated people in the South-East of England. The rest of us simply cannot hear what they are saying, because they elide their *r's*, flatten their vowels and speak through their clenched teeth. This last fault is especially common among nicely-brought-up people who have practised a sort of inarticulate ventriloquism so successfully that they commonly converse with the least

movement of their lips and almost no movement of their teeth.

I like to hear people speaking clearly, distinctly, and, if possible, finely, and I am doing my best to increase the number of people who do so. Need "Kappa" be so offensive to me about it? I may not be competent to perform the job, but at least I can beat the big drum for those who are competent, and I am ready to resign my post to anyone who is able and willing to do it better than I do it.—Yours, &c.,

22, Tudor Street, E.C.4.
June 15th, 1926.

St. JOHN ERVINE.

"Kappa" writes:—

"Mr. St. John Ervine is, of course, entitled to his views on how to reform English pronunciation. The pronunciation of words is after all a matter of taste, and Mr. St. John Ervine's taste and my taste do not happen to agree. In saying this I reject the perversions of speech he puts into my mouth. When a man sets up as Censor in these matters one naturally observes his own practice. Having heard Mr. St. John Ervine speaking what I suppose is the Ulster variety of pronunciation, I must say, if cornered, that it is not to my taste, and even a 'South-Eastern' worm (of Yorkshire origin as it happens) turns at being told—or rather fiercely commanded—to copy it. By the way, it would

interest one to learn what is the authority for the statement that Shakespeare probably spoke like an Ulsterman. I imagine that if Mr. St. John Ervine could hear Shakespeare speak he, or any modern user of English, would not understand half he said. There is no space to reply to his interesting letter in detail. As I do not know Mr. St. John Ervine my note—which I am sorry he finds 'offensive'—cannot be the outcome of personal dislike."

BRIGHTER CRICKET

SIR,—In your "Events of the Week" of July 3rd, speaking of batsmen, you say that "naturally they will never learn to score fast if they are not compelled to do so." May I suggest a method of compelling them to do so?

Why not divide the time available for play in a three-day match, say, a total of eighteen hours, into four equal sections of 4½ hours, and allot 4½ hours for each innings?

The batsmen would then be compelled to get runs or get out.

If an innings took less than the allotted time, the balance might be carried forward to the second innings.—Yours, &c.,

F. THOMASSON.

91, Park Street, W.1.
July 6th, 1926.

GULISTAN

By V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

EVER since I have been in Persia, I have been looking for a garden, and have not yet found one. Yet Persian gardens enjoy a great reputation. Hafiz and Sa-adi sang frequently, even wearisomely, of roses. Yet there is no word for rose in the Persian language; the best they can manage is "red flower." It looks as though a misconception had arisen somewhere. Indeed, I think the misconception is ours, sprung from that national characteristic by which the English exact that everything should be the same, even in Central Asia, as it is in England, and grumble when it is not. "Garden?" we say, and think of lawns and herbaceous borders, which is manifestly absurd. There is no turf in this parched country; and as for herbaceous borders, they postulate a lush shapeliness unimaginable to the Persian mind. Here, everything is dry and untidy, crumbling and decayed; a dusty poverty, exposed for eight months of the year to a cruel sun. For all that, there are gardens in Persia.

But they are gardens of trees, not of flowers; green wildernesses. Imagine that you have ridden in summer for four days across a plain; that you have then come to a barrier of snow-mountains and ridden up the pass; that from the top of the pass you have looked down upon a second plain, with a second barrier of mountains in the distance, a hundred miles away; that you know that beyond those mountains lies yet another plain, and another, and another; and that for days, even weeks, you must ride, with no shade, and the sun overhead, and nothing but the bleached bones of dead animals strewn the track. Then, when you come to trees and running water, you will call it a garden. It will not be flowers and their garishness that your eyes crave for, but a green cavern full of shadow, and pools where goldfish dart, and the sound of little streams. That is the meaning of a garden in Persia, a country where the long slow caravan is an everyday fact, and not a romantic name.

Such gardens there are, many of them abandoned; and these one may share with the cricket and the tortoise, undisturbed through the hours of the long afternoon. In such a one I write. It lies on a southward slope, at the

foot of the snowy Elburz, looking over a plain. It is a tangle of briars, grey lavender, and grey sage, and here and there a judas-tree in full flower stains the whiteness of the tall poplars with its incredible magenta. A cloud of pink, down in a dip, betrays the peach-trees in blossom. Water flows everywhere, either in swift wild runnels, or guided into a straight channel, paved with blue tiles, which pours down the slope into a broken fountain between four cypresses. There is a flight of ruined steps, with thyme growing in the cracks. There, too, is the little pavilion, ruined, like everything else; the tiles of the façade have fallen out and lie smashed upon the terrace; people have built in Persia, but, seemingly, never repaired; they have built and gone away, leaving nature to turn their handiwork into this melancholy beauty. The country round the capital, for instance, is strewn with forsaken palaces and their gardens, the plaster flaking off the walls, the gate hanging on one rusty hinge. Nor is all this so sad as it might be, for in this spacious, ancient country it is not of man that one thinks; he has made no impression upon the soil; even his villages, of brown mud, remain invisible until one comes close up to them, and, once ruined, might have been ruined for five years or five hundred years, indifferently; no, one thinks only of the haven that this tangled enclosure, this very Paradou, affords, after the great spaces. One is no longer that small insect creeping across the pitiless distances.

There is something satisfying in this contrast between the garden and the enormous geographical simplicity that lies beyond. The mud-walls that surround the garden are crumbling, and through the breaches appears the great brown plain, crossed by the three pale roads: to the east, the road to Meshed and Samarcand; to the west, the road to Bagdad; to the south, the road to Isfahan. The eye may travel, or, alternately, return to dwell upon the little grape-hyacinth growing close at hand. These Asian plains are of exceeding beauty, but their company is severe, and the mind turns gratefully to something of more manageable size. The garden is a place of spiritual reprieve, as well as a place of shadows. The plains are lonely, the

garden is inhabited; not by men, but by birds, beasts, and lowly flowers; by the hoopoes, crying "Who? who?" among the branches; by the lizards rustling like dry leaves; by the tiny sea-green iris. A garden in England seems an unnecessary luxury, where the whole countryside is so circumscribed, easy, and secure; but here, one begins to understand why the garden drew such notes from Sa-adi and from Hafiz. As a breeze at evening after a hot day, as a well in the desert, so is the garden to the Persian.

The sense of property, too, is blessedly absent; I suppose that this garden has an owner somewhere, but I do not know who he is, nor can anyone tell me. No one will come up and say that I am trespassing. I may have the garden to myself; I may share it with a beggar; I may see a shepherd drive in his black and brown flock, and, sitting down to watch them browse, sing a snatch of the song that all Persians sing at the turn of the year, for the first three weeks of spring. All are equally free to come and enjoy. Indeed, there is nothing to steal, except the blossom from the peach-trees, and no damage to do that has not already been done by time and nature. The same is true of the whole country. There are no evidences of law anywhere, no signposts or milestones to show the way; the caravanserais stand open for anyone to go in and rest his beasts; the mountain torrents are allowed to pour down with the melting of the snows and flood the road. You may travel along either of those three roads for hundreds of miles without meeting anyone or anything to control or assist you; even the rule of the road is nominal, and you pass or overtake other travellers as best you can. If you prefer to leave the track and take to the open, then you are free to do so. One remembers—sometimes with irritation, sometimes with longing, according to the fortunes of the journey—the close network of organization in European countries.

The shadows lengthen, and the intenser light of sunset begins to spread over the plain. The brown earth darkens to the rich velvet of burnt umber. The light creeps like a tide up the foothills, staining the red rock to the colour of porphyry. High up, above the range of the Elburz, towers the white cone of Demavend, white no longer now, but glowing like a coal; that white loneliness, for ten minutes of every day, suddenly comes to life. It is time to leave the garden, where the little owls are beginning to hoot, answering one another, and to go down into the plain, where the blue smoke of the evening fires is already rising, and a single star hangs prophetic in the west.

OF NAMES PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT

II.—CHIEFLY PLEASANT

NO doubt it is their sound that chiefly matters, though their appearance also is important. But it is by their sound that they most affect us, awaking in our mind brave images and associations, or moving us, alas! to dislike and contempt of our fellow men. Is there any reason why we should prefer the name of Gibbon to Gubbins, or Scott to Scutt, or Yeoman to Yeo, except that one has a better sound than the other? It is true that the names of Gibbon and Scott recall great writers, while those of Gubbins and Scutt are at present unknown, but Yeoman and Yeo have no historical associations, and yet as regards their beauty there is no question between them. Again, are not Fitzwilliam and Fitzhugh better names than Williamson and Hewson, though their sense is the same; and would the charming Marion have had all the charm she had for us in

our romantic youth if she had happened to be called Mary Anne? As regards the great class of patronymics it is, indeed, lamentable that the English form should be so common and the French so rare—for how much more style have such names as Fitzclarence, Fitzherbert, and Fitzgerald than names like Jackson and Hudson, which you meet at every turn—and that the old metronymic form, as in FitzAlice and FitzIsabel, should have disappeared. Did the great family of FitzAlice, one of whose members was five times Lord Mayor of London, die out entirely, or were they so ill-advised as to change their name?

Again, are not Scarlett and Grey better names than Pink and Green, though as colours there is nothing to choose between them? Clearly between Scarlett and Pink there is no difficulty of choice, for Scarlett has a brave sound, and Pink, like Spink and Pinker, a very poor one, but between Grey and Green the difference at first seems slight enough. And yet to my ear the sound of Grey, as of Graham, is always better than that of Green or Greenham, Greenidge or Greening. How charming are such titles as Lord Grey of Fallodon and Lord Grey of Wilton: could any Lord Green, if such a peer existed, impress our imagination so well? Even the names of those two admirable writers, J. R. Green and T. H. Green, have rather a commonplace air, and to our forefathers the sound of the name of Mr. Verdant Green was almost as ludicrous as his character.

So with most of the famous names that are derived from beasts and birds—a numerous and highly respectable class—the meaning has long ago been obliterated by use; it is only the sound and the associations that matter. The name of Lyon suggests the image not of the king of beasts but of a caterer, and Fox that of a great Whig statesman; Nightingale suggests a lady with a lamp, and Hare an archdeacon; and Wolf and Leppard, Eagle and Hawk, Wren and Robin, Crowe and Raven are all excellent names. The last of them indeed has so fine a sound, that many ambitious writers, when they wish to describe a lady's tresses, prefer it to the word Black, which, like Back, Lack, and Slack, and even more obviously Quack, has a curiously unpleasant sound. And is not Otter a better name than Badger, and Hare than Rabbits, or even Squirrel? Would the great Archdeacon, do you think, have ever written "Walks in Rome" or "Guesses at Truth," or have become an Archdeacon or even a Rural Dean, if he had been born to the name either of Squirrel or Rabbits, unless, of course, he had had the prudence and courage—defying all the forces of piety, tradition, and public opinion—to change it? Again, what an admirable name is Drake—full of the breath of bravery and adventure—who can forget the thrill of the story of Sir Francis?—but I doubt if Duck, any more than Duckett or Tuckett, could ever be impressive. How good is the sound of the name of Bull, which, when joined with John, has almost a national importance, but it was a shock to me the other day to find in a directory the name of Mrs. Cow. I am glad to think that this name, like that of Calf, is now becoming very rare. The sound of Lamb is not so bad, and is saved for us by a great memory, but that of Kidd, though the name has belonged to a pirate, a physician, and a Presbyterian divine, is still feeble. Nor should I care to be called either Cock or Henn, Fowle or Fowell, or even Sparrow.

Most of the names that come to us from the fields and hedges have an agreeable sound, such as Oakley, Ashley, Beech, Hazell, Maple, Rivers, Mead, Meadowcroft, Brooke, and Bywater, though even here there are startling exceptions, such as Bush, Burr, Shrubbs, Scrubbs; but almost all the names that come from fishes are unpleasant—Salmon, Spratt, Trout, Smelt, Cod, Whale, Gudgeon, Herring—in

them, I know not why, you can never quite forget their origin. They have all a fishy flavour. The only tolerable names of this class that I know are Sturgeon and Whiting, and even they are not especially attractive. It may be all very well to be called after a beast or a bird or a tree, but is it not degrading to rational men and women to share their names with fishes?

How seldom, indeed, is the beauty of a name enhanced by its meaning, though often impaired. You may admire the sound of Swift or Strong or Armstrong, but would you care to go by the name of Meek, and might not Weekley perhaps be a pleasant name if it were not for its pitiable meaning? In a few names, like Proudfoot and Golightly, Flower and Garland, you may get a certain pleasure from the sense, but what are these against Butcher and Slaughter, Blood and Death, and many others that might be quoted? Even those names which set out, so to speak, to please us are as a rule singularly unsuccessful, such as Dearlove, Darling, Precious, Wellbeloved, Goodheart, Angell, Saint, and Heaven. We do not care to have the question thus begged for us. What right have men to anticipate the Day of Judgment in their names?

Most clearly, perhaps, is the disadvantage of a meaning shown in those names which come to us from occupation, and are the largest class of all. In those of them which are derived from an occupation that is still flourishing, is there not generally a certain weariness? Does the name of Cook speak to us of the great navigator who discovered the transit of Venus and the Sandwich Islands, or does it not rather smell of steaks and cabbages? Of the name of Smith, with all its varieties and compounds—such as Smyth, Smythe, Smithson, Smithies, Skewes-Smith, Cusack-Smith, Pogson-Smith, Hogge-Smith, and Wyldbore-Smith—it is perhaps imprudent to speak? One would require a whole article to deal with it fully. Have not some five families of Smiths entered the Peerage, and are not more than two hundred of them enshrined in the pages of the D.N.B.? And yet to my ear there is always an air, not so much of dullness as of prim respectability, in the name, but whether this comes from the sense or the sound, I shall not inquire. And Baker, Barber, Brewer, Carter, Carver, Clark, Cheeseman, Draper, Driver, Dyer, Farmer, Glover, Gardiner, Ironmonger, Piper, Potter, Painter, Saddler, Spicer, Tanner, and Walker, are not these generally a dull class? Let us at least be glad that this practice of calling people by their trades was long ago discontinued, so that there are no families of Dentists or Solicitors or even Haberdashers amongst us, though this last no doubt is a name with some style to it. No doubt also a few of the trades that still flourish have given us pleasant names, such as Butler, Hosier, and Miller, where the dullness of the sense is redeemed by the sound. But it is in the occupations that have died out or become unimportant that you will find on the whole the pleasantest names. Falconer and Forester, Chaloner and Latimer, Ferrier and Fuller, have not these all a charming style? You may say that Cowper and Fletcher, Spencer and Turner, though they are all amongst the immortals, are not especially interesting, and that Barker and Parker are unattractive, but how admirable is Frobisher, which only means a furbisher of armour, and Napier, like rapier, has a fine sound. I know nothing whatever of Lord Napier of Magdala except his title, but what a lovely name it makes! Perhaps at some distant day when we begin to write of the Smiths, we may also consider the question of titles, and how, as you pass from names to titles, you go from the world of mere chance and tradition into the world of free choice, and of the effect upon our imagination of such a change as that from Mr. Smith to Lord Birkenhead, and other transformations of the kind, and of all the wealth of

romance and history that belongs to some of the old titles like Salisbury and Clarendon and Marlborough, and of the strange pleasure you may get from such a line as "Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby," and of the beauty of some of the double titles, such as Hamilton and Brandon, Richmond and Gordon, Mar and Kellie, Saye and Sele, and how perhaps some part of the snobbery that is said to afflict the English character is no more than an innocent delight in pleasant names.

But let us not be diverted into so dangerous a region. Rather let us consider a few quite simple names, the sort of names that are within the reach of us all, the sort of names that are not helped or hindered by any direct meaning or derivation, but depend for their effect on sound and appearance only, and on those subtle associations of history and tradition and idea that have so strong an influence upon us all. Take a few chosen almost at random: Anstruther, Arbuthnot, Adderley, Bramwell, Bowen, Bourke, Beresford, Cavendish, Cameron, Callender, Clive, Crichton, Crompton, Conway, Cosway, Courtenay, Digby, Dillon, Drummond, Egerton, Fane, Fairfax, Fortescue, Graham, Glyn, Heathcote, Hepburn, Hetherington, Hamilton, Harcourt, Howard, Lambton, Loder, Lauder, Lennox, Luttrell, Mowbray, Manners, Middleton, Mulholland, Nugent, Norman, Noel, Paget, Pelham, Percival, Pomeroy, Quiller, Quinn, Rodney, Romney, Stopford, Stratton, Talbot, Tancred, Tryon, Trevor, Vernon, Waring, Warrender, Walrond, Wilmot, Willoughby, Wyndham, Yorke—what a pleasant group they make; how sure in taste, how excellent in appearance and sound. Is it not surprising that civilized men and women, when such names as these are ready to their use—and these are but a few of all the pleasant names—should still continue to go about their business with names like Scroggie or Bugge, or Cod, or even Cheeseman?

But there are also more elaborate names to be considered, names which depend for their effect on some unusual length or balance, or on some peculiarity of spelling, or perhaps only on their foreign origin. Abercromby, Berkeley, Bosanquet, Boscawen, Baskerville, Bouverie, Beauchamp, Beauchamp, Beaufort, Charteris, Cholmeley, Cholmondeley, Cadogan, Conyngham, Dalrymple, Dennistoun, Fiennes, Grenville, Greville, Hugessen, Knollys, Lascelles, Mainwaring, Mandeville, Mordaunt, Montgomery, Mortimer, Marjoribanks, Overbury, Palaiet, Ponsonby, Powys, Romilly, Ruthven, Sartoris, Sotheran, Stapylton, Tollemache, Trefusis, Vandyke, Vanbrugh, Villiers, Wemyss, and Wrottesley, are not these also a fine group? Many of them, no doubt, depend for their charm much more on their appearance than their sound. Would Fiennes or Lascelles have any great distinction if they were spelt Fynes and Lassles? Would Marjoribanks be equally good as Marchbanks or Cholmondeley as Chumley? Would Ponsonby and Sotheran still please us if they were spelt with a "u," or if their first syllable was pronounced with the "o" hard, as in "upon"? Most names indeed are better, I think, for some slight elaboration of sound or spelling, as if to distinguish them from ordinary words. But there are others which are almost too long and elaborate for a workaday world, such as Blennerhassett, Osbaldistone, and Featherstonhaugh, and very long foreign names like Rodoconachi, Mavrogordato, and Vandepoerenboom are rarely satisfactory, while there are good English names like Brocklehurst, Culpepper, and Clutterbuck which are more curious than beautiful. Best of all, to my mind, are the fairly simple names, such as Cavendish, Hamilton, Harcourt, Ponsonby, and Wyndham. Perhaps some day we may consider further the secret of their charm.

P. M.

MUSIC

THE MUSIC OF "LES NOCES"

THE music which is most effective in the theatre is too often that which possesses least intrinsic significance. What, for example, could be more indubitably effective than the roll on the side-drum which habitually precedes a sensational acrobatic feat in the music-hall? Many of Strauss's most effective moments in "Salomé" and "Elektra" stand ultimately on no higher a musical level than that. The corollary is equally true, namely, that the greater the intrinsic worth of a composition the less likely it is to prove effective in the theatre. Both propositions apply just as much to the ballet as to the opera, for it is almost an axiom that the music which is best adapted to the purposes of dancers is generally the worst considered simply *quâ* music. The fact remains that if a work in either form is to survive permanently, the score, besides being dramatically or choreographically apposite, must also satisfy us purely on its own merits. For this reason it is infinitely more difficult for a composer to succeed completely in the theatre than in the concert-room, in spite of the fact that opera or ballet is probably, from a purely æsthetic point of view, inferior to what is called absolute music.

It can, I think, be admitted without hesitation that "Les Noces" of Stravinsky, which has been the most interesting of the new productions of the Russian ballet this season, is an exceedingly attractive spectacle, and, from the point of view of *ensemble*, is remarkably successful. On the other hand, one has even less hesitation in coming to the conclusion that Stravinsky's score, considered by itself, is pretty poor stuff. Indeed, in my opinion, this applies to practically all his work. However apt and appropriate it may be as a single element in the *ensemble*, it never, or very rarely, succeeds in holding our attention in the concert-room. For example, the symphonies for wind instruments and the more recent piano sonata are admitted even by his warmest admirers to be complete failures. It is quite possible, however, that if they had first been presented in conjunction with an elaborate *mise-en-scène* and all the exquisite artistry of the Russian dancers they would have been hailed as masterpieces. The same applies to a certain extent to "Les Noces." The music of Stravinsky's earlier ballets first became known to most of us in association with these other elements; this was the secret of their great and immediate success. The music of "Les Noces," on the contrary, had been published for some years before its presentation in ballet form, and there has consequently been ample time and opportunity for forming a fair estimate of its intrinsic qualities. One's conclusion is that, like nearly all Stravinsky's other work, it is little more than an effective musical *décor* which has no independent existence apart from the whole. Like the Russian precious stone called alexandrite, which is pale and almost colourless by day and a deep red by artificial light, the music of Stravinsky is empty and meaningless on paper and only comes to life in the artificial atmosphere and surroundings of the theatre.

It is, therefore, not only natural but entirely excusable that literary men and artists, who, it may be noted in passing, are generally the warmest and most convinced admirers of this composer, should be carried off their feet by such an art; they have no opportunity or capacity for judging it under more unfavourable conditions or in less advantageous surroundings than His Majesty's Theatre. The musician, however, when he goes to hear an opera or ballet, must comport himself like a scientific observer at a spiritualistic *séance*, and not let his attention be diverted or his senses deluded by the cunning wizardry of M. Diaghilev. It may be true, as Mr. H. G. Wells has said, that "Les Noces" sheds a new light on the mind of the peasant. It is even quite possible that Sir James Frazer might find in it the material for a new "Golden Bough," or that it might illuminate some of the more obscure problems dealt with by Dr. Westermarck in his monumental history of that quaint institution called human marriage. With these aspects of the case a mere musician is not competent to deal. But when Mr. Osbert Sitwell declares that

Stravinsky is the greatest composer of the last hundred years he feels that it is time to intervene. In the first place, the work reveals a complete lack of melodic invention. The thematic material consists entirely of monotonous little pentatonic wisps of tune which are never developed or combined, but only repeated. Now it may be true that a seeming triviality may assume significance through development, but certainly not through mere reiteration and re-statement. It is not an exaggeration to say that at least half the score could have been written out by means of the dash with a dot on either side which is the traditional musical equivalent of "&c." Secondly, the rhythmical poverty which must inevitably result from the necessity of co-relating the music with the movements and gestures of a number of dancers is too obvious and flagrant to need labouring. Indeed, this metronomic, machine-like inflexibility of rhythm is characteristic of all ballets without exception, of all concerted dance music whatsoever, and constitutes the fundamental objection to its claim to be considered as one of the higher forms of musical art. Lastly, there is not a trace in "Les Noces" of construction or organic continuity. Like practically all Russian art it is built up by means of an accumulation of small and insignificant details; like the Russian language, its syntax is illogical, undisciplined, incoherent; like Russian history it is made up of a sequence of unrelated episodes; like the Russian temperament it has neither stability nor centrality. It is, in fact, a typical product of the Russian mind, and, as such, is fundamentally irreconcilable with the traditional heritage of Western music. Ultimately, Stravinsky's art can only appeal to those who have no artistic roots in the past, and no cultural traditions, or to those who would escape from or destroy them.

Cecil Gray.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

THE TWIN," the new production at the Everyman Theatre, is a heroic effort to appeal to certain phases of modern superstition. The effort, for all I know, may be successful. The play at any rate plumbs almost unfathomable depths of imbecility. It consists of a long discussion between a family in various stages of psychic mania and their clerical relative, who considers all spiritualistic phenomena as a manifestation of a singularly superannuated devil. It is in fact difficult to decide which of the two parties to the dispute are the more credulous. There are one or two sensational moments, when spirits are vaguely adumbrated on the scene. Eventually, as can be imagined, the crazy parson drives his neurotic daughter on to complete catastrophe. All this pother may make up an agreeable play for those interested in the subject of spiritualism. Other persons might feel that if they had got to spend the evening listening to a discussion on spiritualism, the arguments employed might have been rather more scientific and up-to-date. Miss Valerie Taylor looked extremely attractive as a spooky flapper.

Happily, however, the French can be just as silly as the English, witness "There's no Fool . . ." the latest production at the Globe Theatre, which has been adapted from the French of M. Pierre Wolff. Even more remarkable than the play, which deals with the Elderly Amorist, his charming son, and the lovely young lady (Miss Margaret Bannerman), is the astonishing nature of the translation, which creates the impression of intentional parody. In the first five minutes the hero says: "Ha! Voices," when he means, "Take care, somebody's coming," and we continue on the same note. There is a fine moment when the *jeune premier* remarks with a break in his voice: "You see I don't remember my mother," while the hand kissing is incessant. "There's no Fool" recalls in its exaggeration the French farce in "Voices Populi." The evening ends with an amusing little farce, "Our Dogs," based on a misunderstanding. A lady describes her dead dog to a slightly intoxicated gentleman, who thinks she is talking about her dead lover. The cross-purposes and double entendre that spring from this mistake are highly diverting. To hear

Miss Bannerman say: "He was a Great Dane. Thank Heaven, I still have his eleven little ones," almost made up for M. Pierre Wolff.

In the first act of "Quicksands of Youth," given last Sunday at the Scala, Mr. Ronald Osborne rushes in, demented with love, to Miss Phyllis Brabeson, and tells her that, ever since the day when she rejected his addresses, he has been unable to get a wink of sleep or a moment's peace of mind. Whereupon Miss Brabeson makes a long speech, saying that we are all put into this world to help each other, and *not* merely to satisfy our own selfish whims, and that that being the case, she is prepared to offer Mr. Osborne her body—if it will be of use to him. She then assumes an expression of the deepest disgust mingled with the grimmest determination, grits her teeth, and awaits his ardent embrace. We confess to have been considerably taken aback. However, not so Mr. Osborne, who thanks her politely and accepts the offer with the greatest goodwill in the world. We next see Phyllis in her Mayfair drawing-room years later, married to a Cabinet Minister and all among the duchesses. After a few epigrams, a lady in a black veil bursts in, and gives away the tale about Mr. Osborne. What! So Phyllis has had a lover! Her reputation is ruined on the instant. She is quickly cast out of society—and all through this noble deed in the first act. And that is the end of this startling play.

Messrs. Knoedler have arranged at their galleries in Old Bond Street a small exhibition of paintings by the late nineteenth-century French masters. It contains some very fine pictures, notably two by Renoir, "La Fillette au cerceau," in which the little girl's hoop plays an interesting part in the composition, and "Les deux filles de Lerolle," a picture less luscious in the quality of its paint than the majority of Renoir's, but powerful and compact in design. One of the finest pictures here is Sisley's "L'Abreuvoir, Marly-le-Roi": there are two or three others also by him which prove that he was one of the most important painters of the period. Cézanne's still life of a pot of leaves and some fruit is exquisitely painted, and has a fine sobriety of feeling: his landscape of "Anvers, la route tournante," is a little disappointing. Monet is represented by a still life of a melon and peaches, and by "Effet de Soleil, Waterloo Bridge," a remarkable piece of impressionist painting in which the forms emerge from a luminous mist very skillfully treated. A tiny picture by Boudin of the beach at Trouville, hung in the hall, is worth notice. Daumier, Van Gogh, Manet, and Degas are also represented.

Things to see or hear in the coming week:—

Sunday, July 11.—Edipus at Colonus, Greek Play Society, at New Scala.

"Self," The Playmates, at the Court.

C. Delisle Burns on "Heaven and Hell," at 11, at South Place.

Monday, July 12.—Nicolas Orloff, piano recital, at 8.30, at Wigmore Hall.

Thursday, July 15.—Ophelia Sapero, song recital, at 8.15, at Wigmore Hall.

OMICRON.

DOWN THE ROAD

O dear! O dear! she said,
And tottered quickly by with nodding head,
A woman crookt and old;
But whether it was just the bitter cold
That made her mutter so,
Or some heart-piercing grief, I do not know.
Yet, at that lone O dear!
I clutched my little daughter's hand in fear,
And all my heart went cold
To think of her one day forlorn and old,
Tottering with nodding head
Down a dim wintry road. . . . And so I said
Some foolish thing—to hear
Her childish laughter ring out loud and clear.

WILFRID GIBSON.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. Gerr. 3929. NIGHTLY, at 8.15.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY, at 2.30.
ROOKERY NOOK.
TOM WALLS, MARY BROUGH and RALPH LYNN.

COURT. Sloane Square. Sloane 5137 (2 lines).
NIGHTLY, at 8.15. MATINEES, WED., THURS. & SAT., at 2.15.
THE FARMER'S WIFE.
THIRD YEAR AND LONDON'S LONGEST RUN.

CRITERION. EVENINGS, 8.40. MATS., TUES., SAT., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
THE CAT'S CRADLE.

DRURY LANE. EVENINGS, 8.15. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ROSE MARIE. A Musical Play.
NELSON KEYS. EDITH DAY. DEREK OLDHAM.

GAIETY. EVENINGS, 8.30. MAT., SAT., 2.30. **MOZART**
SACHA GUITRY & YVONNE PRINTEMPS
and Entire Paris Production.
SEASON EXTENDED TO JULY 17th. Ger. 2780.

GARRICK. NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATS., TUES. & THURS., 2.30.
COCK O' THE ROOST.
PERCY HUTCHISON. EVA MOORE.

HIPPODROME, London Ger. 658.
EVENINGS, at 8.15. MATS., WED., THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.
MERCENARY MARY.
ALL SEATS BOOKABLE. BOX OFFICE 10 to 18.

LYRIC, Hammersmith. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
RIVERSIDE NIGHTS.
"I shall be surprised and chagrined if I find that this time next year
'Riverside Nights' is not still running."—Punch.
MATINEE, WEDNESDAY, at 2.30. (Riverside 3012.)

NEW. Reg. 4466. EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.
THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS.
SEAN O'CASEY'S FAMOUS PLAY.

ROYALTY THEATRE (Gerrard 3855.)
NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.
(FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY.)
A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY.
A COMEDY BY TURGENEV.

SAVOY THEATRE. (Gerr. 3360.) EVENINGS, 8.30.
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.
MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL, LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, FRED KERR,
EDMUND-GWENN. Mat., To-morrow, 2.30, and every Mon. & Sat.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830.) EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
HEARTS AND DIAMONDS.
A Musical Play adapted from The Orlov.

CINEMAS.

NEW GALLERY KINEMA, Regent St., W.1. Reg. 3212. Cont., 2—11.
SYD. CHAPLIN'S GREATEST COMEDY, "OH, WHAT A NURSE," 3.40, 6.40,
9.40; also CONWAY TEARLE & AGNES AYRES in "MORALS FOR MEN."

TIVOLI. Ger. 3222.
THE BIG PARADE.
TWICE DAILY, 2.30 & 8.30. SUNDAY, 6 & 8.30.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

ENGLISH HISTORY

IT is impossible for anyone who was brought up on Green's "A Short History of the English People" not to think back to it continually while reading Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's new book "History of England" (Longmans, 12s. 6d.). Mr. Trevelyan has written a book which will be useful to many generations of young and old who want the facts about English history compressed within a single volume. It is a "Short History" in Green's sense, and for popular consumption. Any shelf containing historical text-books will show how rare it is for a professional historian to be able to make anything more than a dry and dusty skeleton out of a book of this kind. Very few historians would be capable of Mr. Trevelyan's achievement. His book has the merits of a text-book without remaining in that somewhat dingy and depressing category. The facts, bleak and desolate, are there as they should be, and as the annalist or text-book writer would give them; but Mr. Trevelyan contrives to weave a certain number of ideas through them so that the reader is able to read from page to page and is not forced merely to hop painfully from fact to fact. The book contains the story as well as the history of England, a subtle difference which too many historical writers have never noticed. On the other hand, Mr. Trevelyan has not made the mistake of trying to conceal the dullness of facts under fineness or brilliancy of writing. The purple which showed in some of the passages of his previous books is rigorously excluded from this, and he is much nearer to Green than to Macaulay.

No one will, I hope, misunderstand it as a back-handed compliment to Mr. Trevelyan if I say that in reading him I have been forced, not for the first time, to reflect what a remarkably good book Green's "Short History" is. It was first published fifty-two years ago, yet it remains freshly readable to-day. Mr. Trevelyan's book will, no doubt, supersede it, because he extends the survey of life in England at both ends. He begins earlier and ends later. Green began in the fifth century A.D., with the landing of Hengest at Ebbsfleet on the shores of the Isle of Thanet; he ended with Mr. Disraeli becoming First Minister of the Crown 1,425 years later. Mr. Trevelyan begins in 2000 B.C., with the Iberians who built Maiden Castle and Stonehenge and the Icknield Way under the ridge of the Chilterns; he ends 3,918 years later with "that November day, still so recent, when forty millions, gathered for the most part in streets, whence everything of nature had been excluded save a strip of sky overhead, broke into ecstasies of joy at the news that the imminent destruction afflicting them for four years had at length passed away." The difference is significant. Since 1874 we have not only extended our knowledge of what was then the future by about fifty years, but we have enormously extended our knowledge of what was then, and remains now, the remote past. Where Mr. Trevelyan completely supersedes Green is in his earlier chapters from pre-history right down, perhaps, to the Tudors. But from that point onwards to the nineteenth century it is surprising to see how well Green wears. Take, for instance, Mr. Trevelyan's Book IV., which is headed "The Stuart Era," and compare it with Green's eighth chapter on "Puritan England." You will

find that the historian of 1874, whether he is relating or interpreting facts, very rarely differs in material points from the historian of 1926.

Green's work was, of course, intended to be, and in some senses was, the beginning of a historical revolution. The word "People" in his title pointed the path of his revolution. History was no longer to be the story of kings and queens and courts and diplomacy, nor was it to be the "drum and trumpet history" of wars and conquests; it was to be the history of a People. The idea and the book were part of that incoherent and chaotic movement which we call nineteenth-century democracy. As such, it had a considerable effect, and innumerable "histories" and "social histories" and "histories of the common people," published in the last fifty years, owe a good deal to Green. But there has been some ebb in the tide of democracy, which has shown itself particularly sensitive to the malign influence of nationality and nationalism, and one may note that the historian of 1926 calls his book "History of England," not "History of the English People." The point is important, because it is so tremendously important that a historian should make up his mind what the subject of his history is going to be, for it is this subject, or the broad idea of it constantly in his mind, which will allow him to breathe life into the dry skeleton of facts. Though Mr. Trevelyan descends from the school of Green, I doubt whether the subject of his book is quite the same as Green's. The England of Mr. Trevelyan is not a synonym of English people. It is characteristic of our somewhat shaken and unstable age that his England is complex and kaleidoscopic. It is sometimes "this island," whose hills, downs, fields, streams, both reader and writer know so intimately and affectionately; sometimes the people who live in it; but more often it is a composite entity in which hills and streams, living people, and a political State coalesce. The change from the simple idea behind Green's "English People" to the complex idea behind Mr. Trevelyan's England was inevitable, because Mr. Trevelyan's history was bound to reflect the image of the great national State which had but half emerged into the political and historical consciousness in 1874, but has been the dominating fact of the last fifty years.

Books like this of Mr. Trevelyan's, if they are written with his scrupulous skill, are of the greatest value. They give one a large framework of fact which one can use experimentally afterwards by trying to fit into it various political and social theories. There is, however, another point of view from which this kind of general "Short History" might be written, and I wish that Mr. Trevelyan would adopt it in yet another volume. The point of view is that of political and social beliefs and opinions. There are, of course, histories of political and social thought, but they are always mainly abstract, dealing with the theories of a Grotius, a Hume, or a Bentham. On the other hand, in the general history of England, the change of political and social thought as manifested in or as causing actual facts and events receives too little attention, for it is only one little rivulet running into the great stream of "England." What I should like to see is that little rivulet explored on the scale of this book from the time of Hengest to the time of Mr. Baldwin.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE SECONDARY NOVELS OF DEFOE

Memoirs of a Cavalier. By DANIEL DEFOE. (Constable. 21s.)

UNDER the above general title Charles Lamb has managed to say, within the compass of a short paper, some of the things that had already been said about Defoe's literary methods, and all the things that have been said since on the same subject. There is, therefore, no need to say them all over again.

Lovers of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," and of comely reprints, owe a debt of gratitude to Constable & Co., for their recent publications of "Moll Flanders," "Roxana," and "Colonel Jack," and now for these "Memoirs of a Cavalier," each in one volume. "Robinson Crusoe," with his three volumes, with Stothard's illustrations and an Introduction by Mr. Whibley, stands proudly alone. We hope the publishers will pursue their way even further, until they have exhausted everything of Defoe's that can reasonably be styled either a novel or a romance.

It would be too much to expect ever to see in such handsome guise "The Compleat Tradesman," a cynical composition that seems to have turned the far from queasy stomach of even such a wholesale admirer of the great Daniel as "Elia" himself.

"Where shall we find a place for Habakkuk among the minor prophets?" once asked in familiar tones a scriptural lecturer in the States. "He can have mine," promptly answered a voice from the audience, "for I am going."

Where shall we find a place for these "Memoirs of a Cavalier" among Defoe's novels and romances? A romance most certainly it is not. Is it a novel in the disguise of a sober history, or is it a history pretending to be a novel? A considerable part of it is as dull as Schiller's "History of the Thirty Years' War," and much of it is no better than the stuffing of an ordinary historical novel. What was Defoe aiming at? He had himself taken no part in the Thirty Years' War, nor was he present at Edge Hill or Naseby Field; but then, no more was Scott present at the jousts of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, or at the festivities in Kenilworth Castle. Yet why did Defoe, in an invented character, make believe that he witnessed (from the other side of a river) the sack of Magdeburg, or had conversed with King Charles the First, and with the great Gustavus himself, unless he meant to write a novel? And if he did so mean, why did he not try to infuse into his book some, at least, of the qualities of a work of imagination?

We can only suppose it was because matter-of-factness had become his second nature. There has always seemed to us more purely literary entertainment to be extracted from Defoe's history of the Union with Scotland than from these *Memoirs of an imaginary Cavalier*. In this case, unlike some other of Defoe's attempts to combine two different things, he appears to us to have fallen somewhat heavily between those two proverbial stools that have so often upset so many of the luckless tribe of authors.

History can, no doubt, be written after many fashions. There is, e.g., the method now coming again into favour, employed by the archivist, a heavily documented method, and one where the scrupulous compiler never dreams of taking upon himself the novelist's task of describing the characters of personages he never saw, or of seeking to instil into the reader's mind the archivist's own private opinions about the rights and wrongs, or the historical consequences, of the events he chronologically narrates. Then there is the well-known method of the "standard" historian, who though he tells you the facts, or such of them as he can find room for, or deems fit for repetition, yet always has at the back of his mind his pet philosophy, which he tries to make his history teach by examples. Macaulay, Carlyle, Froude, to name no others, would have thought history beneath their notice had they not felt themselves free to utilize its flowing stream to turn their own private mill-wheels. Then step in Sir Walter and the great Dumas, who joyfully pounce upon history, and treat it as meat fit for their maws—dragging it into their romantic meshes; and though mangling it at their pleasure, do occasionally, sometimes for whole chapters at a time, make it alive, at least so to appear to those of us

who are living a few centuries after the events. Then, finally, there are the memoirs, genuine memoirs, and histories of men's own times, which, however they may be criticized, can never be superseded; such a book, for example, as Clarendon's glorious History of our Civil War.

Defoe's method in these faked memoirs fits in with none of these methods, and no sooner has the reader grasped the fact that the book was written in 1720, and not in 1648, his interest flags.

This, however, is only one view, for there is another, which cannot in decency be overlooked, for it is the author's own view. As Walter Bagehot has remarked, "authors don't keep tame steam-engines to write their books—they write them themselves," and consequently may be allowed to say what they think of them.

Daniel Defoe was one of those authors who always think well of their own productions, and being as he was a "compleat tradesman," was never above puffing his own goods. Listen to him, for a moment or two, and notice how lovingly he dilates upon the charms of this particular book:—

"These accounts of battles, sieges, and the several actions of which this work is so full, are all recorded in the histories of the times, such as the great battle of Leipsick, the sacking of Magdeburgh, the passing of the river of Leck in Bavaria; such also as the battles of Keynton, or Edge Hill, the battles of Newberry, Marston Moor, and Naseby, and the like. They are all recorded in other histories, written by those who lived in those times, and perhaps had good authority for what they wrote. But do those relations give any of the beautiful ideas of things? Have they one-half of the circumstances and incidents of the actions themselves, that this man's eyes were witness to, and which his memory has thus preserved? He that has read the best accounts of these battles will be surprised to see the particulars of the story so well preserved, so nicely and so agreeably described, will confess what we allege, that the story is inimitably told, and even the great actions of the glorious King Gustavus Adolphus receive a lustre from this man's relations which the world has never made sensible before.

"In the story of our country's unnatural wars he carries on the same spirit. How effectually does he record the virtues and glorious actions of King Charles the First, at the same time that he frequently enters upon the mistakes of His Majesty's conduct, and of his friends, which gave his enemies all those fatal advantages against him, which ended in the overthrow of his armies, the loss of his crown and life, and the ruin of the Constitution."

It is, no doubt, true that the author of these memoirs does make some uncommonly shrewd remarks about the conduct of our Civil War; yet when we remember that these remarks were all made more than seventy years after the war had come to an end, we are not struck dumb with admiration.

However this matter may stand between Defoe and the readers of these memoirs, it is clear enough that its author was a monstrosly clever fellow, and able to bear comparison with his great contemporary Dean Swift.

It has been thought not a little odd that the authors of two of the most famous books in their language, "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver's Travels," should have been in London at the same time, and yet never met. There is nothing odd about it at all. They were not in the same set. "Gulliver" was a divine of the Church by law established, and "Robinson" was a dissenter.

Both men had a fancy for the ironical mode of writing, but whilst Defoe stood in the pillory for one of his little jokes, "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," Swift is only supposed to have lost his chance of wearing lawn-sleeves by a much bigger joke, "A Tale of a Tub." The path of ironists is still strewn with difficulties.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

A CAMBRIDGE PRIZE ESSAY.

Cranmer and the Reformation under Edward VI. The Thirlwall and Gladstone Prize Essay. By C. H. SMYTH. (Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.)

THIS Essay is a valuable contribution to the history of the English Reformation. The position taken is that, as conducted during the reign of Edward VI., it was a dangerous and unpopular experiment. Northumberland, who was the villain of the piece, entered into an alliance with the extreme Left of the party of Reform; the terms of the compact being that Puritanism should rule the Church, and the new nobility

rob it. It was the resistance of Cranmer to this policy which proved fatal to it. Mr. Smyth is a wholehearted panegyrist of the Archbishop.

"If by his death he saved the Church of England from the supremacy of Rome, so by his life he saved her from the supremacy of Zurich. He worked with a statesmanship rare among contemporary Reformers for the unity not only of the Church of England, but of all the forces of Protestantism in Europe; by his death he damned the Marian Counter-Reformation, and lit, more signally than even Latimer and Ridley, a candle that should never be put out."

If this be so, Henry VIII. and Elizabeth need no apology. Mr. Smyth describes both as "Catholics at heart." With regard to Elizabeth, this is an over-statement; but both successfully subordinated their religious beliefs, whatever these may have been, to their policy. In this they were characteristically English; and, as such, they survive. Edward VI. and Mary, both of whom were sincere fanatics, the latter a singularly hateful one, are shadows: Henry and Elizabeth have left a permanent personal mark on the English Church and State.

Cranmer has received less than justice at the hands of posterity, which has judged him by the standards of a later age. The impression which he left on his contemporaries was not that of a time server. He retained throughout the confidence and respect of Henry VIII., to whom he spoke with freedom at a period when his various diseases had made him an object of terror to the other members of his Council; he refused to save himself by flight on Mary's accession; the Jesuit martyr, Campian, speaks of him as "that venerable man." He was not a fanatic, nor did he suffer fanatics gladly. Hooper's Vestibarian scruples seemed to him childish; Luther's stubborn dogmatism was foreign to him: he was "supple in things immaterial"; the stiffness of opinion of the Zurich Reformers was, he thought, doctrinaire. His temper was moderate. Anabaptism was the Bolshevism of the sixteenth century; but the Peasant Revolts did not stampede him, as they did the continental divines, into a policy of reprisals; he stood, from first to last, for peace. He saw, and regretted, the isolation of the Church of England. Had his vision of a union of the Protestant Churches been realized, the Counter-Reformation, the strength of which was political, not religious, would have been met on its own ground. As it was, the sheer weight of the Philistine carried all before it; Goliath had the bigger guns.

The interminable Eucharistic disputes of the age have now little meaning. Their importance is historical, not religious; and Bucer's "Suvermerianism," which seems to have been a theological variety of the later Cartesian Occasionalism, is perhaps the least intelligible of them all. Bucer, no doubt, meant something by it; but neither he nor his friends made their meaning clear. The issue was "between those who maintained the Real Presence in the sacramental species, and those who maintained the Real Absence." Holbeach put his finger on the root of the matter when he asked Cranmer "whether the Body of Christ was in the sacrament or in the receiver of the sacrament." Here the Anglican standards speak with no uncertain voice: "The Real Presence is not to be sought in the sacrament, but in the worthy receiver of the sacrament," it is "in the heart, not in the hands." The difference between Cranmer and the Swiss was one of feeling and praxis, not of belief; the Prayer Book diverges from the simpler rite of the other Reformed Churches not as to the *habitat* of the Presence, but as to the religious values which the Presence symbolizes and conveys. Here Cranmer had the genuine Tudor flair for English opinion. The times were critical, it was touch and go for the future both of religion and of the national life. The Reformation under Edward VI. meant Puritanism, i.e., the transplanting of the doctrine and discipline of Zurich to English ground. The nation had no mind for it; and the reaction from this perilous policy brought Mary to the throne. Mary, however, stood for the Spanish blood-bath—a thing even more impossible. Elizabeth, the most English of our sovereigns, saved the situation. Hooker's happy phrase applies to our civil as well as to our religious commonwealth. "By the goodness of Almighty God, and his servant Elizabeth, we are."

A. F.

FICTION

- The Quest. Weeds. Red Dawn.** By PIO BAROJA. Translated from the Spanish by ISAAC GOLDBERG. (Knopf. 7s. 6d. each.)
- Benoni.** By KNUT HAMSUM. Translated from the Norwegian by ARTHUR G. CHATER. (Knopf. 7s. 6d.)
- Richard, Myrtle, and I.** By STEPHEN HUDSON. (Constable. 7s. 6d.)
- Desert, A Legend.** By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. With Woodcuts by E. RAVILIOUS. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)
- The Incredulity of Father Brown.** By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
- The Merchant of Souls.** By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. (Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.)
- Mezzanine.** By E. F. BENSON. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)
- Empty Vessels.** By EDWIN PUGH. (Ward & Lock. 7s. 6d.)

PIO BAROJA is a very interesting writer, and Mr. Knopf is to be congratulated on presenting him for the first time to the English public. These three volumes form a trilogy describing the adventures of a poor boy in the underground and revolutionary world of Madrid. Manuel is in turn waiter, beggar, thief, typesetter, ne'er-do-well, and employer; but in all his occupations the squalor of Spanish life pursues him. The third volume is a little less sordid than the others, but in all of them there is an overwhelming atmosphere of squalor, more physical than spiritual: of deformity, disease, filth, bestiality, and hopelessness. Baroja's most striking merit is vigour of delineation. He presents with rigorous truth the horrors which throng these volumes; he does not linger over them, and he does not shrink from them. There are a score of vivid portraits, comprising thieves, swindlers, pimps, prostitutes, and one or two idealists; and these are exactly and pitilessly drawn. But we cannot help feeling that when all is said they are only types, and that an exceptionally able journalist, a journalist with a vast curiosity and an immense sincerity, would see them pretty much like this. They have no development, no inner life. We know what they do, we know even what they look like, but we do not know what they feel, and it is with what people feel that literature is mainly concerned. If it were not for a touch of something like philosophy, Baroja would be little better than a Jack London with a great deal more gusto and literary competence. Within its limits, however, there are some fine things in the trilogy: the description of Mingote, a rich scoundrel, some of the anarchist's discussions, the talk of Don Alonso about America: a score of scenes and figures of remarkable vigour.

But one has only to turn to Hamsun's "Benoni" to see what an immense gulf lies between work such as Baroja's and work really penetrated with imagination and humanity. In the Spanish trilogy everything is merely seen; in the Norwegian novel everything is understood by an understanding tireless, subtle, and all-embracing. In "Weeds" most of the characters are scoundrels by occupation, nature, choice—it is their *métier*; but in "Benoni" we do not know whether the characters are scoundrels or not; they are endlessly complex, bafflingly compounded of good and evil, completely human. Mack, the store-keeper, is an astonishing figure, quite inexplicable and absolutely convincing, and drawn with a few strokes of such cunning that they seem perfectly natural. No contemporary writer, surely, has such supreme command over his art, such easy power, such sureness and economy, as Hamsun. "Benoni" is not on such a large scale as "Growth of the Soil," but it is more perfect, more concentrated and mature. Hamsun is an inexhaustibly fascinating writer.

In "Richard, Myrtle, and I," there are passages of greater suggestiveness than in any of Mr. Hudson's previous novels. The conception is remarkable. The secondary self, the daimon, of Richard Kurt, tells the story of his emergence, his struggle with the natural man, and the final compromise in which such conflicts necessarily end. Drama such as this is metaphysical, and it demands from the writer an imagination working at high intensity. In certain passages Mr. Hudson's imagination is equal to the theme, but in the main body of the work one feels that it is not. The book becomes not so much a description of the fundamental conflict between Richard and "I," as a series of dialectical discussions in which their points of view are stated. But in a novel it is difficult to make points of view convincing; art,

indeed, is very little concerned with points of view; its concern is rather with the infinitely more important realities which underlie and explain them. Mr. Hudson's method of bringing out the difference between the two persons in his character by dialectical conversations has another disadvantage. Insensibly we feel that it is in these conversations that "I" gains power and Richard surrenders it, and we know that in reality the reorientations which take place in our personalities do not happen by such ways, and that the explicit persuasion of dialectic has very little to do with them. Here and there in the story are passages of real intensity; Mr. Hudson's attempt is sincere; but the fact remains that his imagination has not permeated and mastered the theme.

Mr. Armstrong, too, has a theme with great possibilities, and he, too, has not made enough of it. His subject, we are informed, is taken from a short tale in Palladius's "Paradise of the Holy Fathers," in which Malchus, a young Alexandrian sick of the inconstancy of his mistress, goes into the desert and becomes a Christian hermit. The desert has always been the grand stage for the drama of the soul's combat with the flesh: what dreams, what fantasies, what great battles Mr. Armstrong's Malchus must have had! But Mr. Armstrong does very little with them; the dreams are not very vivid, the combat not very convincing. A book such as this should, above all, be frank, and should in great part be "physiological," for if the ascetic's lascivious fantasies and the physical squalor of his life are toned down, then all the reality is taken from his spiritual struggle. Mr. Armstrong's very pleasant, somewhat too decorative, style tends to tone everything down, smooth away the rough edges, and leave behind a conventionally unexceptionable picture. Some of his descriptions are pleasing, but there are too many of them.

The most remarkable thing about "The Merchant of Souls" is its lack of conviction. From the beginning Mr. Goldring talks about his characters without really describing them; it is as if he had assumed before he began that we knew them already. This is the prevailing fault of the contemporary novel, but rarely is it carried to such obviously impossible lengths. No doubt Mr. Goldring's characters have a general resemblance to human beings as well as a more marked resemblance to characters in other novels; but if they are not impossible, neither are they in the least real. They exist in a limbo; if they were to issue from it they might become either figures of sensational romance or actual characters. As it is, they are neither.

In "The Incredulity of Father Brown" Mr. Chesterton continues the adventures of his Roman Catholic hero. "Mezzanine" and "Empty Vessels" are competent works by experienced novelists.

EDWIN MUIR.

LORD HALDANE'S PHILOSOPHY

Human Experience: A Study of Its Structure. By Viscount HALDANE. (Murray. 6s.)

IN the main Lord Haldane's philosophy follows the tradition of the great idealistic systems that developed in Germany out of the work of Kant, during the first half of the nineteenth century, and which is represented in England by such names as Caird, Bradley, Bosanquet. Lord Haldane himself, however, declines to describe his system as idealistic, since, for him, such distinctions as that between realism and idealism are the result of abstractions within the world of experience, and therefore inadequate to characterize experience itself taken as a whole. If the term idealism be used to designate Lord Haldane's views, care must be taken to distinguish them from the view commonly described as "subjective idealism," according to which the nature of objects, at any rate material objects, consists ultimately of states of mind, or, more generally, the theory that objects depend for their being upon being known. It is clear that states of mind as they are studied by the psychologists must be regarded as objects of experience, and, on Lord Haldane's view, therefore, as implying as a logical presupposition the very experience for which they are supposed to account.

Epistemologically, indeed, he may be classed as a realist, yet he believes that the ultimate nature of the world is to be found in experience, and must be interpreted in terms of mind. If we ask whose mind, the answer is not that of a particular person, but of "mind as such." "Mind is not a thing, neither is it, in its distinctive nature, a happening in space and time. It is the activity of free knowledge, and as such it has no locality inasmuch as locality has meaning only as its object." Everything that exists, exists for knowledge, but the latter is not "the product of something else, for the something else exists only as it is known."

This general position is developed by Lord Haldane with great persuasiveness and lucidity. He utilizes recent scientific knowledge in an exceedingly interesting manner, but in general he avails himself of conceptions familiar enough in the history of idealistic systems, notably the doctrine of degrees of reality and of knowledge. It is doubtful whether he escapes the charge of subjectivism which has so often been made against idealists. True, he repudiates subjective idealism, but his language often implies views dangerously near it. Thus when he argues that "to be and to be for mind are ideas not distinguishable" we must point out that this entirely ignores the criticism made familiar in recent realist writings which is directed at showing that the act of knowing does not in any essential way affect or change the object known or make any psychical addition to it. Lord Haldane evades this issue by his persistent use of unanalyzed notions like "significance," "meaning," "real," and the like; as, for example, when he maintains that "objects do not appear to be real unless they are significant," or "that apart from intelligence objects do not possess even the vaguest meaning." The terms "meaning," "significance" are used by him in a variety of senses. They may mean (i) value, importance; (ii) the relation of standing for, representing, referring to, being a sign of; (iii) nature or character. That meaning in any of these senses is identical with reality is the point to be proved, but is nowhere, as far as we can see, proved. The phrase that knowledge is fundamental amounts to no more than the tautology that for an object to be known it must be known, but it throws no light whatever upon the nature of what is known. It is not, in fact, possible by a mere analysis of the act or relation of knowing to prove that objects are somehow constituted by the activity of knowing. We must in this connection challenge the fundamental assumption made by Lord Haldane that "ontology is a branch of epistemology."

These difficulties reappear in a different form in Lord Haldane's treatment of the relation between the particular and the universal, especially of the relation between the individual finite mind and "mind as such." He seems to follow Hegel in maintaining that the conceptual system is identical with the system of reality. "Conceptions enter not only into knowledge, but into its objects. It is by their significance that objects exist for us." Does this mean more than that, if we are to know things, we must learn to interpret them in terms of concepts which refer to or indicate universals, i.e., qualities which we recognize as characterizing a number of particular things? It is by no means self-evident that these qualities owe their being or nature to the fact that we form concepts of them. Universals may not be identical with the concepts through which they are grasped or interpreted. This criticism also applies to Lord Haldane's view of the finite mind. He argues that different minds, in so far as they "think identically in conceptions, are actually as well as logically identical." But if we avoid the hypostatizing of conceptions, it does not follow from the mere fact that two people think alike that they are existentially one. Even if it did, it would still be necessary to prove that the contents of all individual minds are in fact identical, a point not even referred to by Lord Haldane. It is true that the individual is related to other minds in a "society of selves," but this does not show that the society of selves is a mind in any sense in which the term mind is used when it is applied to individuals. These issues are old and familiar. Much of what Lord Haldane has to say on them is illuminating, but, in this work at any rate, he does not seem to have given to his fundamental categories the analysis necessary to make them capable of bearing the weight that it is sought to impose upon them.

A NEW CRITIC ON PROUST

Essai sur Marcel Proust. Par GEORGES GABORY. (Paris: "Le Livre," 12 frs.)

THIS is a good book; so perhaps I need not add that it is the best I have read on the subject. When one comes to think of it M. Gabory was the person indicated to write something trustworthy and intelligent about Marcel Proust. An agreeable poet, alert, well-educated, and young, acquainted (by correspondence, of course) with the master, and corrector of his "Sodome et Gomorrhe II" proofs, he was about to elucidate the text of "La Prisonnière" when the news of Proust's death gave him, as he explains, an unexpectedly—indeed an unreasonably—violent shock. Instead of continuing labours which for him had become ghoully almost, he wrote this essay.

He wrote it manifestly to satisfy himself; not because he hoped, or wished, to put Proust in his place, but because he wanted to inspect his own reactions, to make up his own mind. The criticism belongs therefore to the class called "impressionist"; and the value of impressionist criticism depends entirely on the quality of the mind impressed. M. Gabory's mind is at once sensitive and acute: wherefore his essay, though properly to be classified impressionist, is, unlike most of its kind, neither charmingly vague nor pertly intimate. Blest with an intellect, M. Gabory can reason and ponder, can, in fact, handle with delightful ease those general principles by which philosophic critics set so great store. Only M. Gabory does not much believe in applying general principles to art. He seems to have noticed that somehow or other general principles of criticism, no matter how well founded, when applied to particular works of art make lamentable nonsense; and he finds it easier to suppose that the law of unities may be fallacious than that Népomucène Lemercier is a better dramatist than Shakespeare.

Perhaps M. Gabory is not so much an impressionist as a Proustian critic. He doubts. Positively, he is uncertain whether that permanent and indivisible "personality," which most modern writers spend their lives "affirming," so much as exists. He is less interested in discovering whether a book conforms to a preconceived notion of what a book should be than in discovering what it makes him, and may make others, feel and think. "Think," I add deliberately: M. Gabory is excited by ideas, and, differing with infinite civility from M. André Gide, holds that "La recherche du temps perdu" considering the immense influence it has had on his generation and will have, in all probability, on generations to come, cannot be reckoned "une œuvre entièrement gratuite." He is Proustian in his preoccupation with his own and other people's reactions. And, like Proust, he wants to discover what people really do feel. He possesses—acquired from the master maybe—that scandalous passion for psychological sincerity.

"Ce sentiment de certitude dans le bonheur" n'est-ce pas le signe le plus sûr du bonheur—le bonheur lui-même, et hors de cette certitude protectrice, les éléments du bonheur ne sont-ils pas variables et mobiles? Il nous arrive parfois de sentir en nous une joie inexplicable et sans cause rationnelle. Nous lui cherchons des prétextes innocents. Un air de chant retrouvé, un vers qu'on répète une heure durant sur tous les tons, un paysage, si le prétexte est insuffisant, la joie nous abandonne, car nous n'avons guère le courage d'être heureux sans motifs licites, admis ou tolérés par la conscience—ou malheureux. . . ."

This is a pretty piece of self-analysis, which would have been hardly possible to a pre-Proustian critic.

English admirers of Proust will not find this essay less agreeable for being written in intelligent—I had almost said intellectual—straightforward French. M. Gabory has far too much on his mind to indulge in those affectations, in that allusive, elusive, kick-me-under-the-table style, so much in fashion—last season at any rate—with "les jeunes écrivains français." That way may do well enough when one has no more in one's head than M. Giraudoux has in his. M. Gabory must analyze and argue; he has things to say at once too complicated and too precise to be expressed by winking the other eye or putting one's thumb to one's nose. He has tried to be lucid and intelligent. He has succeeded admirably. He will succeed even better in the next edition if he corrects a few of the misprints in this.

CLIVE BELL.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

My Contemporaries. By MAXIMILIAN HARDEN. Translated from the German by WILLIAM C. LAWTON. (Cape. 12s. 6d.)

MANY a family is blessed with an old friend who is its historian, its counsellor, and its candid critic. The foible of this old gentleman is omniscience. On his favourite subject he is learned and extremely allusive, a dropper of dark hints, a ponderous oracle. Strangers to the family make little or nothing of his conversation. It is difficult to extract direct information from him. If you ask for news of Edward he is immediately reminded of what happened to Isabel in a distant branch of the family many years ago. Thus his audience is often in a state of fidgets while he talks, and of irreverent giggles afterwards. You go away puzzled and irritated—but impressed, and in definite possession of something worth thinking about.

These flippant reflections are provoked by a reading of Herr Harden's essays. Herr Harden is not only, as this book amply demonstrates, a good European; he is a very learned friend of the European family, and as he discourses on Hindenburg, Stinnes, Lenin, Clemenceau, Lloyd George, King Peter of Serbia, Sarah Bernhardt, and Napoleon I., he exhibits in a remarkable degree such characteristics of the friend of the family as have been suggested above. Few people will read this book without irritation; no serious student of European politics should miss it; and no one who has not a fairly sound working knowledge of the structure of European affairs will make much of it.

Three of these essays—the Hindenburg, the Clemenceau, the King Peter—are successful critical portraits in the ordinary sense. In the others, Herr Harden is more concerned with getting impressive effects of chiaroscuro than with the preservation of a firm outline. His Hindenburg, which is specially successful, is presented as an old soldier of mediocre military record and negligible political ability who was rehabilitated during the war to serve as a massive wooden mask to the disconcerting brains of Ludendorff, and subsequently found himself the unassailable idol of the German people. Herr Harden assails him, and because he makes his points with sardonic precision and leaves it at that, he topples him over. With Stinnes and Lenin his intention is the opposite, but here his method defeats it. Most Englishmen are still asking to be supplied with the hard facts concerning Stinnes and Lenin. Herr Harden gives us a few facts and many rhetorical questions, pregnant asides, and apostrophes. In the Stinnes essay one holds fast to three short and exceedingly shrewd comments by Rathenau, Radek, and Albert Ballin; and a reprint which Herr Harden gives of Lenin's remarkable speech to the Russian Communist Congress in 1922, in which he faced with brutal clarity the problem of rebuilding industry on the political basis of Communism, is a thing to be very grateful for. Herr Harden thoroughly distrusts Mr. Lloyd George, and in dealing with him his method achieves its most striking effects. Herr Harden begins by admonishing his victim (in the second person) on the occasion of Mr. Bonar Law's resignation in 1921. A short summary of the subsequent course of the essay would be as follows: Whig and Tory (historical origins); philosophical discussion on relation of might to right (authorities quoted—Habakkuk, Bismarck, Michaelis, Bentham, Butler, Hobbes, Spinoza, Machiavelli, Burke, Macaulay); Versailles; Black-and-Tannery; Treaty Conferences; Genoa. The *coup de grâce* is delivered at Genoa; at this stage the bellicose "you" has naturally declined to "he," and the essay ends on a comparatively tranquil if sombre note of disappointment. One's only regret is that Mr. Lloyd George was not given the opportunity of a voice in this entertaining and extraordinarily shrewd debate. He would have enjoyed it.

In reading a translation one is apt to visit the sins of the translator on the author. Consider, for instance, the following, apropos of Lenin's death:—

"Woe to the continent if it had stood by, unprepared, until through the gate of the Redeemer had rung the announcement of the decease of him who, as fearlessly in the Kremlin as in the gipsies' booth at Zurich, had lived his faith, and therefore, in the life-task of a giant, never looked a dwarf!"

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ARROWSMITH

After grasping this passage one must assume, in fairness to Mr. Lawton, that Herr Harden's German contained its sense. One must also assume, in fairness to Herr Harden, that it was a good German sentence. What is certain is that it is bad English, and that English as bad is to be found on many pages. Mr. Lawton had an unenviable task, but he does not emerge with great credit.

A POMERANIAN WITCH

Sidonia the Sorceress. By WILLIAM MEINHOLD. Translated by LADY WILDE. (Benn. £12 12s.)

THIS book, originally published in the 'nineties and translated by Oscar Wilde's mother, enjoyed a considerable vogue among the Pre-Raphaelites and the "Yellow Book" school; and a special edition of it was issued by William Morris from the Kelmscott Press. To many modern readers, however, it will probably be quite new.

Sidonia von Bork, the Lady Canoness of Pomerania, was publicly executed for witchcraft at Stettin in 1620. Out of respect for her family, one of the most ancient in the land, contemporary writers were silent about her fate, and consequently the records of her are not only meagre, but partially contradictory. Enumerating all the possible sources of information, the author bids his readers refer direct to them in order to discover whether his book "be history or fiction." Without making pilgrimage to the Berlin Library, however, we may safely conjecture that what he gives us is neither history nor fiction, but a mixture of the two.

The main outline of Sidonia's career belongs clearly enough, if not to established truth, at least to the popular contemporary view of the facts. In her youth the most beautiful of Pomeranian maidens, she was also immensely rich. Attracting many nobles, she proudly rejected all their offers of marriage, deeming only the Duke Ernest Louis von Wolgast good enough for her. The Duke did, indeed, make a proposal, but was induced by his relatives to withdraw it. Sidonia, in despair, entered a convent. There, as the years went by, the spirit of revenge awoke in her, and her Bible was forsaken for the study of magic, by which art she bewitched the royal house, so that four princes, each with a young wife, remained childless. No notice was taken of her evil deeds, however, until Duke Francis succeeded to the Duchy in 1618. A ruthless enemy to witches, he had Sidonia, who was betrayed by many of her fellow sorceresses on the rack, brought to justice at last—the only concession to her rank being that she was beheaded before being burned.

Such are the dry bones of the story. Around them the author, impersonating an investigator appointed by the last Duke of Pomerania, and writing in archaic style, though with modern spelling and punctuation, weaves a narrative of over five hundred quarto pages, which admirably catches the spirit of the mediæval chronicles and gives us a delightfully vivid and convincing picture of the social life of the Duchy at the period. His success is the more remarkable in that he does not disguise the fact that in writing the book he merely sought to provide a jam to make palatable the pill of his philosophical theories. Fortunately, however, much of his metaphysics, amounting in essence to a defence of supernaturalism against reason, is relegated to elaborate footnotes, which may be avoided by those who do not wish to be distracted from the enjoyment of the narrative itself.

The book is worthy of the sumptuous dress now provided for it. This latest addition to the "Julian Editions" is, with its beautiful type and paper, its limp vellum binding, its very satisfying pseudo-mediæval illustrations by Mr. Thomas Lowinsky, and its silk-lined case, a joy alike to eye and hand. When, however, the collectors have exhausted the two hundred and twenty-five copies available, why should not a cheaper edition be issued for readers with moderate purses?

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Florence Upton. By EDITH LYTTELTON. (Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.)

Life endowed Miss Upton with a strange assortment of gifts. She wanted to be a great painter, and determined that it was by painting that she would win fame and fortune. Mischievously enough, it is not by her paintings but by her Golliwoggs that she is known, and it was on the proceeds of her Golliwoggs that she lived. The origin of this creation was a black nigger doll, given to her as a child, and put away and forgotten, until, in illustrating a children's book, she found the old doll and made it her model. The joke attained enormous celebrity. Had she patented the invention, her fortune would have been assured. Golliwoggs swarmed in the shops, sprinkled the streets, a play was written about them, Lord Northcliffe was interested in them, and they are to be found carved on Miss Upton's tombstone. There is a certain incongruity in the association of this refined, ambitious woman, whose life was a series of lofty friendships and high ambitions, and the staring, grinning face of the familiar imp. Miss Upton never achieved great success with her brush, and it is made clear with desirable frankness by Mrs. Lyttelton that there was an exacting and perhaps morbid side to her temperament. But in 1916 Miss Upton had certain psychological experiences, in which Mrs. Lyttelton later took part, and it is the record of these, given in detail, which forms the last part of the book. Mrs. Lyttelton claims that they brought her friend a happiness which otherwise she would have lacked, and those who are interested in the subject will find full evidence here upon which to base their own judgment.

Book Auction Records. Vol. 22. 1924-25. (Stevens & Stiles. 30s.)

This is a fascinating book to all who take an interest in the "book market." The present volume contains over 18,000 records. Here you may find recorded on one page how Sabin paid £2,350 for a First Folio and on another how the modern author is rising or falling in the book market.

Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami. Edited by P. S. ALLEN and H. M. ALLEN. Vol. VI. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 28s.)

Dr. Allen's monumental edition of Erasmus's letters has now reached its sixth volume and the years 1525 to 1527. It covers two of the eight years which he spent in Basle. The editing, as in the previous volumes, is admirable, and the whole work reflects the greatest credit upon Oxford scholarship.

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BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. IX. in D minor. Played by the New Symphony Orchestra, Berlin, conducted by Bruno Seidler-Winkler, assisted by Ethel Hansa, soprano; Eleanor Schloschauer, alto; Eugen Tranaky, tenor; Prof. Albert Fischer, bass, and chorus of the State Opera, Berlin. (Seven 12 in. records. 69607-69613. 5s. 9d. each. English agents, Alfred Imhof.)

The Polydor records of Beethoven's nine symphonies make a remarkable series, and the Ninth Symphony, complete with its choral finale, is a considerable achievement. Complete success in recording this work is, of course, impossible. When Beethoven wrote the Ninth Symphony, he had, as Herr Bekker says, almost reached the point of finding "the orchestra (as earlier he found the pianoforte) an instrument too poor for the presentation of his thoughts," and "in the Ninth Symphony, his symbolic use of orchestral colour comes occasionally into such sharp opposition to technical requirements that in practice modifications of the score become necessary." Add the technical requirements of the gramophone and of recording, and you necessarily get some difficulties which no amount of care and skill can overcome. But with these reservations the Polydor record is very good. Those who are accustomed to the triumphs of the new methods of recording in this country may at first find the orchestral effects rather thin. There is no attempt to reproduce the full effect of an orchestra, but there is something to be said for this—to us—old-fashioned method. The adagio is certainly very fine and the choral finale admirable.

MOTORING NOTES

A GOOD deal of misconception has existed in the public mind for some time past about Bean cars. It is interesting to note, therefore, that Hadfield's, Ltd., of Sheffield, have acquired an 82 per cent. financial interest in the business, and that the title of the company has been altered to Bean Cars, Ltd.

Such a close association between a world-famed steel house and a motor-manufacturing concern augurs well for its future success, and Bean cars are likely to forge ahead in more senses than one. Sir Robert Hadfield seems to have phrased his remarks very moderately when he said that there was now complete assurance of a permanent Bean organization, producing British productions of the highest possible class.

Those who have been interested in the progress of motoring in England during recent years can remember innumerable cars that were ushered into a post-war world with a flourish only to fade away from the market. This is not true of the Bean, which has survived despite innumerable obstacles. It has not only survived, but has become deservedly popular among motorists who desire rugged strength in a car.

One acquaintance of mine who ran a very old Bean model for a very long time, getting from it unstinted service, changed it for last year's model. He wanted a change, but it had to be a Bean. Anyone listening to its praises as they fell from his lips would be justified in thinking that no other car existed.

I merely mention this as a single instance of the high regard which many motorists have for the Bean at the present time. Now that the altered title is likely to free the makers from the misconceptions and erroneous ideas of the past, and they are allied with the resources of Hadfield's, Ltd., the Bean should be of close interest to all motorists.

Motorists in this country are very pleased that the Sunbeam-engined motor-boat won the Duke of York's trophy in the international races on the Thames recently. On the first day "Newg," a motor-boat fitted with a super-charged Sunbeam engine, completed each lap ahead of all rivals and attained a speed of forty-five miles an hour.

In the later deciding races, "Newg," though not so quick off the mark as the German boat, "Sigrid IV.," maintained a consistently higher speed, and so won the trophy for Great Britain for the third year in succession. "Newg's" time for the complete course was 1 hour 11 mins. 9 secs., showing an average speed of 27 knots or 30.8 miles per hour.

Contests of this sort are always of interest to motorists, for the gruelling tests and strains to which an engine is subjected are always of value to makers and later to riders who share in the benefits which accrue.

Those motorists, and they are legion, who have longed for a car without gears are likely to be satisfied very soon. Mr. George Constantinesco, who is remembered for his ingenious device which enabled a machine-gun to be fired through the revolving blades of an aeroplane propeller, has developed a car that works without gearbox and clutch. The transmission of this car is automatic and is controlled solely by the throttle, and it gives an infinite range of speeds. Recent tests have been very successful, and further developments are likely to be awaited with eager interest.

A number of cars embodying this novel form of transmission are to be built for the Paris Salon, which opens in October. The full capabilities of the car will be tested, and it is hoped that public interest will be sufficiently aroused to warrant its being placed on the market. There is surely a great future for a car built on these lines, and Mr. Constantinesco's efforts are likely to gladden the hearts of innumerable owner-drivers.

The Automobile Association have issued a new and revised edition of their "Hotel Location" Map. Not only is every A.A. hotel plainly marked, but the classification by A.A. stars is given.

Tourists provided with this map can see at a glance the hotels on their itinerary, or those slightly off the beaten track. There is one map for England and Wales and another for Scotland. Both can be obtained by A.A. members on application to the Secretary, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE GILT-EDGED OUTLOOK—NEW ISSUES—THE SPECULATIVE OUTLOOK.

PRICES in the gilt-edged market are slightly easier. The Governor of the Bank has been called to Paris to help fight the battle of the franc, and the talk of a reduction in Bank rate has died down. As long as the coal strike lasts the feeling in the City is that no reduction in Bank rate will be made, and that if the coal strike lasts another month it may be too late to make any change, in view of the seasonal demand for dollars. The revenue returns for the first quarter of the financial year 1926-27 were of a depressing nature. Revenue has shrunk as compared with the first quarter of 1925-26 by £22,840,846, while expenditure has increased by £4,401,495. This fall in revenue is not the result of the General Strike, but follows upon a heavy decline in Income Tax and Super-Tax caused by the abatements in 1925-26, and in Special Receipts. This shrinkage is depressing because over the next nine months, when the coal strike and slowing down of industry will affect the revenue, the Chancellor will have to collect £85,000,000 more revenue than was found in the corresponding period last year. In other words, the possibility of increased taxation next year becomes greater. This, as time goes on, will have a depressing effect upon the gilt-edged market.

New issues are still being well taken. The issue of £1,800,000 6½ per cent. Guaranteed Debentures of the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills was heavily over-subscribed. That followed naturally upon the booming which this issue received in the Rothermere Press, but, as far as newspaper finance goes, these debentures were comparatively attractive. Success will, no doubt, also attend the issue at par of £8,000,000 7½ per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares by Morris Motors (1926), Limited, an issue which will not be underwritten. Morris Motors, however, is the kind of preference share which looks attractive when trade is good and doubtfully secure when trade is bad. New issues are reaching the point where indigestion may develop in the market. Last month new capital issues amounted to £29,222,000, which was abnormally large because those of the previous month were abnormally small at £10,887,581. For the six months, the total borrowings amounted to £181,696,000 against £124,854,000 and £106,215,000 for the corresponding periods of 1925 and 1924 respectively. The amount of the last six months borrowings has not been exceeded in any half-year since 1922.

The securities' index numbers of THE INVESTORS' CHRONICLE for June 30th indicate the childlike confidence which the Stock Exchange has shown in the ultimate result of our industrial troubles. The index for what is called "second-class business," which represents exclusively the ordinary capital of industrial companies at home, shows a rise during June of .6 to 117.0, which is only 5.2 points below the highest figure ever recorded since 1919. In the face of an industrial crisis, which, in Mr. Churchill's words, will make "a deep mark on the livelihood of the whole people" if the coal strike lasts ten weeks, and will mean "hard times for the country for the next one and half to two years" if it lasts twelve or thirteen weeks, this appreciation in the ordinary share capital of home industrial companies would seem fantastic. On analysis it becomes more understandable. The index for iron and steel shares has declined further by 5.4 points to 58.3, which is a new low record, and compares with 69.8 at the end of last year. The index for Armstrong Whitworths, in particular, has sunk to 29.8, which is the lowest figure for any individual security in the whole index. The coal index is slightly lower at 78, though this is 8.1 points above the low record reached at the end of last year. The appreciation in the "second-class business" group is thus due to a further rise in newspaper shares, brewery shares (which have slowly appreciated from 147.9 at the end of February to 162.9 at

the end of last month), and in miscellaneous shares (due to the large rises in Dunlop, Imperial Tobacco, British American Tobacco and British Aluminium). The confidence of the Stock Exchange is, at any rate, justified in the opinion of THE ECONOMIST that as yet no serious or permanent damage has been done to British industrial interests as a whole by the coal strike.

What is to be the next move for the speculator? The index for the "speculative group" of securities at June 30th is slightly lower at 118.5. There were moderate declines during last month in the indices of gold-mining, land, tea, and tin shares, and a further substantial decline in nitrate shares, which have fallen from 91.7 at the end of January, to 68.0 at the end of June. Rubber shares, however, advanced and are now 206.5, which is slightly above the index for the end of October, 1925. Oil shares rose by 5.9 points to 206.5, which is a new high record as from the end of 1920. The avenue for speculation in many markets has been narrowed by the coal stoppage and the trade depression. That is why speculation in tobacco and brewery shares has carried prices rather high. Mines are now receiving professional support, and when this has quietened down it may be the turn of oil or rubber. Two possibilities might set this going—in oil, some "bull" point scored by one of the big companies, and in rubber, the expectation of higher prices after the end of the restriction quarter expiring on July 31st. It will be interesting to see if the rise of Shell Union shares, which are now \$28.00, as compared with \$25½ when we recommended them, is to be soon justified.



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